

# THE CRITIC:

## A Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

Vol. XVII.—No. 416.

JUNE 26, 1858.

Price 4d.; stamped 5d.

**THE MIDLAND SCHOOL**, near Coventry, for Gentlemen from eight to eighteen years of age. Christian government; the most approved methods of Education; French and German by accomplished native, resident Masters. The Academic Course adapted to the Oxford Examinations, and Matriculation at the London University. —For papers apply to Mr. WYLES.

**ARCHDEACON JOHNSON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL**, Oakham, Rutland. Head Master, Rev. W. S. Wood, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The new buildings will be ready for the reception of boarders on Wednesday, August 18th. Twelve open exhibitions of 40l. per annum each, and other University advantages, are attached to this school. For further particulars apply to the Head Master.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION** for LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden-road, London. The HALF-TERM commences with the month of June, and will continue till August, when is the Summer Vacation of six weeks. Fee for Boarders in Upper School, 50 Guineas; in Middle School, 35 Guineas; in Elementary School, 25 Guineas. Governess-Students, received at a Fee of 50 Guineas for two years, are granted Certificates, and have situations procured. For Syllabuses of the Courses of Lectures, and Prospectuses with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, and staff of Professors and Masters, address Mrs. MOREL, Lady-Principal, at the College.

**EWELL COLLEGE**, near EPSOM, SURREY. *Patrons and Referees.* The Lord Bishop of OXFORD. The Lord Bishop of LICHFIELD. The Lord Bishop of LINCOLN. Principal—W. KNIGHTON, LL.D., M.R.A.S., &c. Efficient preparation for the Universities, the Army and Navy, the English and Indian Civil Service Examinations, and for Commercial life, will be found in Ewell College. The situation is one of unrivalled salubrity; athletic games are encouraged, and systematic drilling is imperative on all. French is invariably spoken at meals, and German is taught by a resident professor. School Department, 40 to 60 Guineas per annum. College Department, 70 to 100. No extras. For Particulars, Report, &c., address the Principal.

**MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE**, in connexion with the University of London, and University College, London. UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

*Professors.* Rev. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A., Principal and Professor of Biblical and Historical Theology, with the Truths and Evidences of Christianity. Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, Professor of Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy. RUSSELL MARTINEAU, Esq., M.A., Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature.

*SCHEME OF STUDIES.* The entire course of a Student embraces six years, viz., three Undergraduate, succeeded by three Theological years. The proficiency of every Student in the subjects on which he has attended classes, either in University College or in Manchester New College, is periodically tested by examinations, held by the Professors, or other Examiners, appointed by the Committee of the last-named College, at the end of every term, and a Public Examination at the close of the Session.

*UNDERGRADUATE PERIOD.* During this period the Student is chiefly engaged in the classes of University College, in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, or Natural Philosophy. If he be on the Foundation, Manchester New College defrays the fees for these three courses; but does not encourage him to disperse his attention over more. Should he intend to graduate, he is expected to matriculate in the University of London, not later than the end of his first year; and to take the degree of B.A. by the end of the third, so as to bring an undivided interest to the studies of his Theological Period.

The discipline of this preparatory period is mainly subsidiary to the classes of University College, and to the examination, in prospect, for Matriculation and Graduation.

*THEOLOGICAL PERIOD.* The College, now mainly a Theological Institution, adheres to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular theological doctrines.

Should any Student wish, during his Theological years, to attend any of the general classes of University College, he may do so with the sanction of the Principal, but at his own cost.

*THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.*

- Christian Truths and Evidences.
- Christian Institutions—Practical and Pastoral Theology.
- Ecclesiastical History. To Gregory VII.
- Old Testament.—Hebrew History and Antiquities. History of Hebrew Canon, and of the Septuagint Version. Historical Books. "The Law," "The Prophets." Critical Examination of Messianic Passages; Systematic reading of the Septuagint.
- Hebrew Language and Literature.—Systematic, philological, and literary training; reading and lectures.
- New Testament.—Introduction to Criticism and Interpretation. Three First Gospels.—The Epistles and Acts of the Apostles.—and the writings of John (Gospel, Epistles, Apocalypse)—with special introduction to each of these three Sections.
- Weekly Exercises in Elocution and Composition.

*PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.*

- Intellectual Philosophy.
- Moral Philosophy.
- Religious Philosophy.
- History of Christian Doctrine.
- Regular Greek and Latin Reading.

The College Session commences on the first Friday in October. The Classes are open to the public on payment of the regular fees. Candidates for admission on the Foundation are requested to send in their applications and certificates, with as little delay as practicable, to either of the Secretaries, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

R. D. DARRISHIRE, 21, Brown-street, Manchester, ) Secs.  
CHARLES BEARD, Gee-cross, near Manchester, )  
Manchester, May, 1858.

**MILL-HILL SCHOOL**, Hendon, Middlesex.—An ASSISTANT MASTER in the Department of MATHEMATICS, &c., will be required after Mid-summer. He must be competent to teach all the higher branches short of the Calculus, and to give instruction in the Natural Sciences. —Applications, with testimonials, to be sent to the Head Master.

**SCHOOL PREMISES**.—To be LET, on LEASE, a LARGE HOUSE, with pleasure-grounds, &c., situated in a beautiful and healthy neighbourhood near Manchester, and well adapted for a first-class ladies' school. This place is worthy of the attention of a lady of moderate capital and good connections, who wishes to remove her school to the vicinity of Manchester. Possession may be had either immediately or at the end of three or six months from the present time. Address (post paid) "Y. Y.," Post-office, Manchester.

The very choice small Collection of Drawings in water colours, formed by the Hon. General Phipps.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on TUESDAY, JUNE 28, at ONE o'clock precisely, by order of the Executors of the Hon. Edmund Phipps, deceased, the very choice small COLLECTION of DRAWINGS, in water colours, formed by the Hon. General Phipps, comprising exquisite specimens of: Cattermole, C. Fielding, J. Lewis, D. Roberts, R. A. Chambers, Gainsborough, Nash, Stanfield, R. A. Evans, W. Hunt, Prout, Vickers. May be viewed Friday, Saturday, and Monday preceding, and catalogues had.

The Corsi Gallery of Pictures from Florence.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on TUESDAY, JULY 5, at ONE o'clock precisely, a considerable PORTION of the well-known GALLERY of PICTURES by Italian masters, from the Corsi Palace at Florence; comprising many interesting examples of Florentine art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, especially a beautiful altar and gradino, by A. Taddei; small altarpieces by Giotto, P. della Francesca, Giunta, and A. del Mantegna; a Philosopher, by Velasquez; the Holy Family, by A. da Messina; a Grand Battle, by S. Rosa; elegant works of Furlini, Cigoli, O. Marinari, and many pleasing works of the principal masters of the different schools of Italy. May be viewed Saturday and Monday preceding, and catalogues had.

A valuable Assemblage of Pictures.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JUNE 28, at ONE o'clock precisely, a valuable assemblage of PICTURES, by Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Masters, from different private collections; comprising the Conception, by Murillo; the Holy Family, by Schedone, from the Borghese Palace; a Pair of Figures by Caravaggio; a Pair of Compositions, by Pannini; an Interior, by Teniers; a Curious Procession, by Alstoot; a Pair of beautiful Flower Pieces, by P. Faes; and in the English School, Landscapes, by Lee, R.A., Ferguson, Walton; a Persian Lady, by Rothwell; and an Enamel, by Bone. May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

The Works of Art and Virtue of the late Mrs. Hicks.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on THURSDAY, JULY 14, at ONE o'clock precisely, a PORTION of the choice COLLECTION of WORKS of ART and VERTUE of Mrs. Hicks, deceased, removed from Somerset-street, Portman-square, chiefly presents from members of the Royal Family to Lady Charlotte Finch, comprising a beautiful agate casket, mounted with silver gilt, a fine old English watch, in enamelled case, some beautiful specimens of Oriental, old Sevres, and Dresden porcelain, old Wedgwood ware, enamels, a fine old Japan coffee, a capital rose-wood jewel casket, an interesting portrait of Miss Knight, by Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds, and other works of art; also a pair of capital guns by Lancaster; a gun, a rifle, and a revolver by Deane, and a few pieces of plate. May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

Pictures, the property of a gentleman.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JULY 14, at ONE o'clock precisely, a valuable COLLECTION of early Italian, Flemish, Dutch, French, and English PICTURES, the property of a gentleman; comprising the Assumption of the Virgin, the celebrated work of Vero di Ricci; the Coronation of the Virgin, by Taddeo Gaddi, and the same subject by S. Memmi; the Adoration of the Magi, by C. Crivelli; an interesting work of Sandro Botticelli; the Adoration of the Magi, by Gaudenzio di Ferrara; a grand View in Spain, by Velasquez; a Kermesse, by Teniers; an Equestrian Figure of Charles I., by Van Dyck; a grand Landscape, by Rubens; and capital works of G. Morland, Gainsborough, Wouvermans, Parmegiano, N. Poussin, Cuyt, Pannini, Vernet, and Leontelli. May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

The valuable collection of Pictures of the late Count de Rossi.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JULY 10, at ONE o'clock precisely, the valuable COLLECTION of PICTURES, by Italian, Flemish, Dutch, French, and English masters, formed by the Count de Rossi, deceased; comprising the Four Seasons, a beautiful set by D. Feti, engraved; the Education of the Virgin, a very elegant easel work of Murillo, from the Walpole collection; a very fine battle-piece by S. Rosa, from Prince Rostopchin's gallery; a fine portrait by Van Dyck; a sea-piece by Cuyt; beautiful landscapes by Lussland and Moncheron; L'heureux Existence, a charming work of Watteau, engraved; and another specimen; a pair of compositions by Boucher; the Death of the Virgin, by Le Sueur; the Brother and Sister, by Greuze; in the modern French School, admirable works of Gericault, Isabey, Godin, and Delacroix; and in the English school, landscapes by Morland and Croome, and several capital examples of Bonington. May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

An Assemblage of Pictures.  
**MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON** respectfully give notice, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JULY 3, at ONE o'clock precisely, an ASSEMBLAGE of PICTURES, by old and modern Masters, from different private collections; comprising capital examples of great masters in the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools; and some Portraits, by the late Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

**THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, Established 1836. Invested Funds, ONE MILLION STERLING.

The Premiums received on Fire Insurances in the year 1857 amounted to upwards of 280,000l. Insurances are effected, at home and abroad, on Property of every description—the Premiums are moderate, the settlement of claims liberal and prompt. The losses in 1857 were 165,000l. and the sums paid in settlement of losses exceed One Million sterling.

**THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT** of the Directors of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the Cash Account, and Balance Sheet for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February 1858; also Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, and a list of the Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past year, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.  
Mutual Life Assurance Offices,  
39, King-street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, 1, Old Broad-street, London. (Instituted 1820.)

*DIRECTORS.* MARTIN TUCKER SMITH, Esq., M.P., Chairman. GEORGE WILLIAM COTMAN, Esq., Deputy-Chairman. Thomas George Barclay, Esq. George Hibbert, Esq. James Brand, Esq. Samuel Hibbert, Esq. James C. C. Bell, Esq. Daniel Mildred, Esq. Charles Cave, Esq. Charles Gordon Murdoch, Esq. George Henry Cutler, Esq. Frederick Pattison, Esq. Henry Davidson, Esq. William R. Robinson, Esq. George Field, Esq. Newman Smith, Esq.

*SECURITY.*—The existing liabilities of the Company do not exceed 3,000,000l. The investments are nearly 1,000,000l. in addition to upwards of 600,000l. for which the shareholders are responsible, and the income is about 120,000l. per annum.

*PROFITS.*—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent., of the profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The next appropriation will be made in 1863, and persons who now effect insurances will participate ratably.

*BONUSES.*—The additions to Policies have been from 10 lbs. to 63 lbs. per cent. on the original sums insured.

*CLAIMS.*—Upwards of 1,250,000l. has been paid to claimants under policies.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

**THE PEOPLE'S PROVIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY**. Chief Office: 2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W. CAPITAL, HALF A MILLION STERLING.

*Trustees.* George Alexander Hamilton | Joshua Proctor Brown West- Esq., M.P. head, Esq., M.P. James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S. | Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.

*Board of Directors.* George Alexander Hamilton, Esq., M.P. for Dublin University, Chairman. John Cheetham, Esq., M.P. for South Lancashire. James Davidson, Esq., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. John Field, Esq., Warrford-st., and Dornden, Tunbridge Wells. Charles Foster, Esq., M.P. for Walsall. Richard Francis George, Esq., Bath. Thos. C. Hayward, Esq., Minorities and Highbury. J. Hodgins, Esq., Thayer-street, Manchester-square. Chas. Hindley, Esq., M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. T. Y. M. Christie, Esq., Great James-street. James Edward McConnell, Esq., Wolverton. John Moss, Esq., Reform Club and Derby. Charles William Reynolds, Esq., 2, Eaton-place, Piccadilly. Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P. for North Warwickshire. H. Wickham Wickham, Esq., M.P. for Bradford. Thomas Winkworth, Esq., Gresham Club and Canonbury.

The President, Trustees, and Directors are all Shareholders in the Society.

This Society possesses a revenue from Premiums exceeding Seventy Thousand Pounds per annum.

Life Assurance and Fidelity Guarantee, Deferred Annuities, and Endowments granted on favourable terms.

Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of life, may be purchased on the following scale:

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every 100l. of Purchase-money.			
Ages	50	60	70
Annuity .....	£8 5s 7d.	£10 11s 7d.	£15 4s 11d.

Lists of Shareholders, Prospectuses, and Agency appointments may be obtained, on application to W. CLELAND, Manager and Secretary.

**BANK OF DEPOSIT**, Established 1844. 3, Pall-mall east, London. Parties desiring to deposit Money are requested to examine the plan of this Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with perfect security.

The interest is payable in January and July. PETER MORRISON, Managing Director. Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

**MR. BLACKWOOD, having made arrangements for Extending his**  
Publishing Connection, will be happy to treat with Authors for the Publication of their Works in any department of  
Literature. Liberal terms for suitable and approved Manuscripts.  
Estimates forwarded on application.

London: JAMES BLACKWOOD, Lovell's-court, Paternoster-row.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY "COMPROMISED."

**THE ART-JOURNAL for JULY (price 2s. 6d.) contains Two**  
Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections, viz.:—C. Stanfield's "Ischia," and Carlo Maratti's "Infant Christ." The Engraving from Sculpture is J. H. Foley's "Hampton."

### THE LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS INCLUDE:—

Titian, Part I.  
Mr. Ruskin and Constable.  
British Artists, No. XXXVI.:—D. Roberts, R.A., illustrated.  
Tombs of British Artists:—Sir J. Reynolds, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., illustrated.  
Artistic Copyright.

Original Designs for Manufacturers, illustrated.  
The Crystal Palace.  
Book of the Thames, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated.  
British Institution.  
The National Gallery "Compromised."  
Ornamental Iron Castings, by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. &c. &c.

VIRTUE and CO., 25, Paternoster-row, London; and all Booksellers.

**BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL**  
FESTIVAL, in aid of the FUNDS of the GENERAL  
HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd  
of September next. President, the Right Hon. the Earl of  
Dartmouth.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—BRADFORD**  
FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—This celebrated  
body of Yorkshire Chorists (upwards of 500 in number),  
who have arrived in London to form part of the Chorus of  
the Great Handel Festival Display on Friday next, will give a  
performance of their favourite Madrigals, Part Songs, &c., at  
the Crystal Palace on TUESDAY NEXT, the 29th instant,  
commencing at Three o'clock precisely.—Admission, One  
Shilling. Children, Sixpence.

**LIVERPOOL SOCIETY of FINE ARTS.**  
The Council have much pleasure in making known to  
Artists, Sculptors, and Architects that the rapid enrolment of  
Life Members and Annual Subscribers has now given a material  
guarantee that the Society will be established on a firm  
and satisfactory basis; they, therefore, have no hesitation in  
inviting contributions to collect and forward those works direct  
in August or September next in the Queen's Hall, Bolt-  
street.

Those gentlemen who intend to favour the Society with  
contributions of their WORKS for EXHIBITION are re-  
quested to inform the Honorary Secretaries by a note ad-  
dressed to the Central Office, 24, North John-street.

### Agents.

London.—Messrs. H. and I. Criswick, 6, New Compton-street,  
W.C.  
Edinburgh.—Mr. Alexander Hill, 67, Princes-street.  
Dublin.—Mr. James Stark, Sackville-street.

Provincial Artists who propose to send works from any of the  
Exhibitions in London are requested to give the requisite au-  
thority to the Honorary Secretaries, that the agent in London  
may be instructed to collect and forward those works direct.

JOSEPH ROULT, Hon.  
D. P. THOMSON, M.D., Secretaries.

**CARDS for the MILLION.—WEDDING,**  
VISITING, and BUSINESS.—A Copper Plate elegantly  
engraved, and 50 best Cards printed for 2s. Sent post free by  
ARTHUR GRANGER, Cheap Stationer, &c., 208, High Holborn.

"Omne tult punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."  
**BEAUTIFUL FORM, Artistic Work-**  
manship, Moderate Charges.  
Goodwin, Designer and Manufacturer of Table Glass,  
24, Princes-street, Soho, London, W.  
Artists' own suggestions carried out free of cost.

**ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM,**  
LIBRARY, &c.—An extensive assortment of ALA-  
BASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, and DERBYSHIRE SPAR  
ORNAMENTS, Manufactured and Imported by J. TEN-  
NANT, 149, Strand, London.

**GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.**—  
Elementary COLLECTIONS to facilitate the study of  
this interesting Science, can be had from Two Guineas to One  
Hundred, also single Specimens, of J. TENNANT, 149, Strand,  
London.  
Mr. Tennant gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and  
Geology.

**WATER your GARDENS and MANURE**  
your LANDS with GUTTA PERCHA or INDIA  
RUBBER TUBING, Half-inch gutta percha tubing, for  
gardens, medium 4d., stout 4d. per foot. Brass hand branch,  
stopcock, and rose, 5s. 6d.—Apply for illustrated price lists to  
JAMES SHEATH and CO., PATENT GUTTA PERCHA and INDIA  
RUBBER FACTORY, 35, Old-street-road, E.C.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—The Times or Post  
posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter;  
Herald, 2s.; Chronicle, Daily News, or Advertiser, 20s.;  
Times (Second Edition), Sun, Globe, or Standard, 30s.; Times  
(Second Day), 16s. 6d. Answers required, and orders must be  
prepaid.—JAMES BARKER, 10, Throgmorton-street, Bank.  
Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

**PIANOFORTES, from 16 Guineas each**  
(Priestley's Patent): full compass, in mahogany case,  
combining all the qualities of the most costly piano. War-  
ranted of the very best materials and workmanship. Hire  
from 12s. per month.—F. PRIESTLEY, Inventor, Patentee  
and sole Manufacturer, 15, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

**WHEATSTONE'S HARMONIUMS, in**  
solid Cases, manufactured by them expressly for  
Churches, Chapels, Schools, &c., have the full compass of  
keys, are of the best quality of tone, best workmanship and  
material, and do not require tuning.  
Guineas.  
With 1 stop, oak case ..... 10  
With 1 stop, polished mahogany, or light oak case 12  
With 3 stops, organ tones, large size, oak case ..... 15  
With 5 stops ditto ..... 22  
With 8 stops ditto ..... 24  
With 10 stops ditto ..... 30

The tones of the latter can be produced either softer or louder  
than other Harmoniums that cost double the price of this.  
Prize Medallist, 1851. An extensive assortment of French  
Harmoniums, with all the latest improvements, from the  
schoolroom Harmonium to the sixty-guinea one for the draw-  
ing-room.—WHEATSTONE and Co., 20, Conduit-street, Regent-  
street.

**BOHN'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY FOR JULY.**  
**PEPEY'S DIARY & CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Edited by LORD BRAYBROOKE. New and improved  
Edition, with important Additions, complete in 4 vols. Illus-  
trated with numerous Portraits. Vol. II. Post 8vo. cloth, 5s.  
(Vols. III. and IV. will be published punctually in August and  
September next.)  
H. G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden, London.

**BOHN'S ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY FOR JULY.**  
**POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.** Edited  
by ROBERT CARRUTHERS. New Edition, revised,  
with numerous Engravings on Wood. In two volumes.  
Vol. II. (with general Index). Post 8vo. cloth, 5s.  
H. G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden, London.

**MANUSCRIPT SERMONS — 600**  
Original; Rev. Mr. CHAMPNEYS, of St. Botolph,  
City; also, 10,000 by most eminent living Divines, constantly  
on sale by THOMAS MILLARD, 70, Newgate-street, London.  
On to the CLERGY, or WIDOWS and EXECU-  
TORS of ditto, THOMAS MILLARD will purchase any  
MANUSCRIPT SERMONS, and give the full value.

**2d. DISCOUNT in the 1s. allowed off all**  
New Books, Magazines, &c. for Cash.  
At WM. DAWSON and SONS', Booksellers, 74, Cannon-street,  
City, London. Established 1800.

**WORKS of the CAVENDISH SOCIETY.**  
—Gmelin's Handbook of Chemistry, 6 vols., com-  
prising the whole of the Inorganic Chemistry, 42s.—Gmelin's  
Handbook of Chemistry, Vols. 7 and 8, the first two vols. of the  
Organic part, 21s.—Gmelin's Handbook of Chemistry, Vols. 9  
and 10, continuation of the Organic part, 21s.—Lehmann's  
Physiological Chemistry, Vols. 2 and 3 (the first vol. out of  
print), together with Atlas and Plates, 21s.—Bischoff's Ele-  
ments of Chemical and Physical Geology, Vols. 1 and 2, 21s.—  
Life of Cavendish—Life of Dalton—Laurent's Chemical Me-  
thod, 21s.

The above Works may be obtained, at the prices affixed, of  
F. M. HARRISON, Bookseller to the Queen, 39, Pall-mall, S.W.

**LONDON LIBRARY, 12, ST. JAMES'S-**  
SQUARE, S.W.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

President.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

Vice-Præsidents.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

EARL STANHOPE.

THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

HIS EXCELLENCY M. VAN DE WEELE.

Trustees.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

THE EARL DEVON.

G. GROTE, Esq.

Committee.

Rev. John Barlow.  
Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart.  
Rev. W. H. Brookfield.  
E. H. Bunbury, Esq.  
Thomas Carlisle, Esq.  
John Forster, Esq.  
General Fox.  
Arthur Helps, Esq.  
Leonard Horner, Esq.  
W. B. Hodge, Esq.  
T. H. Key, Esq.  
Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis,  
Bart., M.P.

Secretary and Librarian.—ROBERT HARRISON.

This extensive LENDING LIBRARY, the only one of its  
kind in London, offers to its members nearly 75,000 Volumes,  
selected from the literature of all countries, and including a  
large proportion of old and valuable Works not supplied by  
ordinary circulating libraries. The Reading-room is furnished  
with the principal Periodicals, English, French, and German.  
Additions are continually made, both of the standard works  
of the day and of the older and rarer books. Fifteen Volumes  
at a time are allowed to Country Members, ten to Residents  
in London. Subscribers are admitted on the recommendation  
of a Member, subject to the approval of the Committee.  
Terms, on nomination, 3l. a year, or 2l. a year with entrance  
fee of 6l.; life membership, 20l. Prospectus free. Catalogues,  
7s. 6d.; to members only 5s. Open daily from 10 to 6.

**GENERAL NEWSPAPER and ADVER-**  
TISING OFFICE, 12, Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-  
road.—Newspapers of every description forwarded at the  
lowest prices:—

	s. d.		s. d.
Times.....per gr.	23 0	Critic.....per gr.	5 6
Guardian.....	7 6	Weekly Times.....	3 3
Union.....	6 6	News of the World.....	3 3
Evening Mail.....	6 6	Lloyds'.....	2 2
Record.....	13 0	Daily Standard.....	13 0
Illustrated London News		Do. Telegraph.....	13 0
(double Supplements,		Do. Star.....	13 0
6d. extra).....	6 6	Do. Morning News.....	13 0
Field.....	6 6	Do. Builder.....	4 4
John Bull.....	6 6	Do. Economist.....	9 9
Court Journal.....	6 6		

Books and Pamphlets sent post-free at their published prices.  
Advertisements inserted. For List of all the London Papers  
and Prices, inclose stamp. Orders to be addressed to ROBERT  
HARRISON, 12, Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, London, N.E.

## CONTENTS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Bailey's Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.....	329
Madame de B.....'s Memoirs of Rachel.....	330
The Verriour's Life and Times of Dante.....	330
The Struggles of a Young Artist.....	331
Burghley's Preaching, Prosing and Puseyism.....	333
Gallenga's Country Life in Piedmont.....	334
Bradstreet's Six Legends of King Goldenstar.....	334
Saunders's New Practice of Magistrates' Courts.....	335
Hand-book of Dorking.....	335
Practical Swiss Guide.....	335
Naples and King Ferdinand. By E. Dawbarn.....	335
Edwards's History of France.....	336
Vasey's Excelsior Reading made Easy.....	336
Armstrong's Introduction to English Etymology.....	336
Life Doubled by the Economy of Time.....	336
Hutchinson's Equalisation of the Poor's Rate of the United Kingdom.....	336
Edwards's Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1854.....	336
Morgan's Problems and Examples in Mathematics.....	336
Royal Rosebuds.....	336
My Three Aunts.....	336
Lost Love. By Ashford Owen.....	336
Tales from Blackwood.....	336
A Compendium of History from the Creation to the Commencement.....	336
The Welcome Guest.....	336
FOREIGN LITERATURE.....	336
Italy:	
From our own Correspondent.....	337
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—	
Science and Inventions.....	338
Arts and Artists:	
Rosa Bonheur.....	338
Talk of the Studios.....	338
Archæological Summary.....	339
Music and Musicians:	
Operas and Concerts of the Week.....	340
Musical and Dramatic Gossip.....	340
The Theatres.....	341
Literary News.....	341
Obituary.....	342
Books Recently Published.....	342
Advertisements.....	325, 326, 342, 343, 344

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—  
Under the Management of Mr. Buckstone.—Last Week  
but One of the Season of Five Years.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), AN UNEQUAL  
MATCH, in which Miss Sedgwick will sustain her  
original character of Hester, being the last night but three of  
her engagement.

On Wednesday, Miss Sedgwick's benefit, when will be per-  
formed THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; Lady Teazle (first  
time in London), Miss Sedgwick. With A DEAD SHOT;  
and Mr. Buckstone, AND JACK'S RETIRED  
FROM CAMPTON. After the Unequal Match on Monday  
and Tuesday (and for these nights only), BOX AND COX.  
Box, Mr. Buckstone; Cox, Mr. Compton. With the Spanish  
Ballet of the GALICIAN FETE, by Fanny Wright, Charles  
Leclerc, and the Corps de Ballet. After the comedy on Thurs-  
day, Friday, and Saturday, the new farce of A STRIKING  
WIDOW, and a Ballet.

Mr. Buckstone's Benefit, and last night of the season, on  
Saturday, July 10th.—Stage Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—  
TITENS, ALBONI, PICCOLINNI, BELLETTI,  
BENEVENTANO, VIALETTI, ALDIGHIERI, and  
GIUGLINI.

The following arrangements have been made:—  
TUESDAY, June 26.—Verdi's Opera of LUISA MILLER,  
and a Divertissement from Amner's Ballet of La Sonnambula,  
in which Mlle. Rosati will make her first appearance.

On THURSDAY, July 1 (Extra Night), IL THOVATORE,  
and Divertissement from La Sonnambula, with Mlle. Rosati  
and Mlle. Focsi.

Applications to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

**LAKE WINDERMERE HYDRO-**  
PATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, WESTMORELAND.  
Proprietor.—E. L. HUDSON, M.R.C.S.

Prospectuses may be had on application to the Surgeon of the  
House.

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

**J. F. HOPE, 16, Great Marlborough-street,**  
London, by his new publishing arrangements, charges  
no Commission for Publishing Books Printed by him until the  
Author has been repaid his original outlay. And as all works  
entrusted to his care are printed in the very best style, and at  
prices far below the usual charges, Authors about to publish  
will find it much to their advantage to apply to him for  
Specimens, Estimates, and all particulars forwarded by  
return of Post.

**BLOOMSBURY STAINED GLASS**  
WORKS, 38, Bedford-square, London, W.C.  
ALEXANDER GIBBS and COMPANY, Practical Artists  
in Stained Glass and Ecclesiastical Decorations, invite the  
attention of the nobility, clergy, architects, &c., to the facili-  
ties afforded by their long practical experience in every branch  
connected with the above art, and respectfully solicit the  
favour of a personal visit to their show-rooms, to inspect  
their large and varied collection of Cartoons and Water-  
Colour Designs for Church and Domestic Windows.  
Business and estimates forwarded, on application, to all parts  
of the Kingdom.

**STOVES, KITCHEN-RANGES,**  
FENDERS and FIRE-IRONS, of the best quality only,  
and at the lowest possible prices, are manufactured and sold  
by F. EDWARDS, SOX, and CO., 42, Poland-street,  
Oxford-street, W. Improved Grates for Bedrooms and Offices,  
with regulating dampers and stonbridge fire-brick backs,  
from 25s. to 42s. each. Ditto, with porcelain sides of two or  
three colours and of elegant designs, from 32s. to 70s. each.  
An attempt is now made to introduce porcelain to grates for  
use in bedrooms, sitting-rooms, &c., the prices not exceeding  
those of common register grates. The use of porcelain for  
this purpose is recommended from its cleanliness, cheapness,  
reflecting power, and beauty. Smoke-Consuming Grates  
from 50s. each. Also,

**EDWARDS'S SMOKE-CONSUMING**  
KITCHEN RANGE.—A perfect Cooking Apparatus,  
ensuring the operations of cooking being conducted with  
cleanliness, economy, and despatch. This Range effects a  
saving of 40 per cent. in the consumption of coal, it effectually  
clears away any smoky chimney, and obviates the expense of  
chimney sweeping. It is the only Range for which the First  
Class Medal was awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and  
may be seen in daily operation at F. EDWARDS, SOX, and CO.'S  
Showrooms. Illustrated prospectuses forwarded.—General  
Stove and Kitchen Range Manufacturers.



## TO OUR READERS.

The next number of the CRITIC will be accompanied by a portrait and autograph of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, A.R.A., with a biographical sketch. The portrait is after a photograph by Herbert Watkins.

## THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

THE debate upon the Repeal of the Paper Duty, barren though it was in actual result, was not without some consolation for those who feel interested in the matter. We say "those who feel interested," as though there were any persons who, by trade or otherwise, are more interested in the removal of this heavy fetter upon knowledge than others. But all are interested alike; the poor man who reads his penny paper, equally with the paper-maker and the newspaper-proprietor. After listening to Mr. MILNER GIBSON's clear and truthful statement of the way in which this tax impedes the streams of intelligence, and even hinders them from fertilising the lower levels of society, the House of Commons affirmed that "the maintenance of an excise upon paper, as a permanent source of revenue, would be impolitic,"—which, if it mean anything, is tantamount to declaring that it is a tax which should be got rid of as soon as possible. This is something; it is a pledge, not very definite it is true, but a landmark on the question nevertheless. After that, no future CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can affirm, with any hope of assent, that the tax upon paper is wise and beneficial. For this we have to thank Mr. MILNER GIBSON, who has long and bravely laboured in this cause, and next to him Mr. HERBERT INGRAM, who seconded the motion in a speech which proved his thorough comprehension of the subject. One of the most curious results of this debate is the fact that the *Times*, which has hitherto consistently opposed the repeal of this duty, now calls aloud for its removal, and states with an air of profound conviction that it is merely a question of time. According to its own confession, the Leviathan of the press contributes no less than 38,000*l.* per annum to the paper duty; but the explanation of its conversion is to be found, we suspect, not so much in that fact as in the understanding to which it has at length arrived with regard to the functions of the cheap press. As we predicted, the penny papers only interfered at first slightly, and then not at all, with the circulation of the *Times*: now they aid in spreading the influence of its opinions and popularity. When the *Times* opposed the removal of the tax, it saw clearly enough that it was the only bar to the swarm of the penny press, and it then professed a wonderful solicitude for the preservation of the Revenue. Now that it perceives that no good accrues to itself from the suppression of cheap papers, it is willing enough to put the 38,000*l.* into its own pocket. We are glad to perceive that Mr. MILNER GIBSON is far from satisfied with the result of his motion. At a meeting of the Society for Promoting the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge held at Fendal's Hotel on Thursday last, he urged a continuance of the agitation, with a view to pressure upon Parliament next session.

At the urgent request of Dr. SPIERS we give insertion to his reply to the letter of M. CONTANSEAU; but it must be distinctly understood that, so far as our columns are concerned, here the discussion ends.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Paris, 14th June 1858.

Sir,—I did not intend after my "last words" again to encroach on your valuable space; but I cannot accept without protestation the accusation of "endeavouring to misrepresent the case and mislead the public," and I trust you will not refuse insertion to a vindication from that charge.

I cannot condescend to enter into a controversy with the man who is declared a plagiarist, and who barely escaped conviction for piracy. When such an individual comes forward and attributes to rage and absurdity the just complaints of an injured man, I can but reply—

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks."

I cannot divest myself of the belief that the letter in your number of the 5th inst., signed by M. Contanseau, throws much light on the question. That person's opinion on the judgment was wanting.

And the man who is declared by his judge "to have taken very considerably from Dr. Spiers," "to have followed Dr. Spiers's order and arrangement much oftener than that of any other dictionary," "to have taken by far the greater portion from the plaintiff's," "to have, to a great extent, reaped the fruit and benefit of Dr. Spiers's labour, and "by saying that he had not Dr. Spiers's dictionary before him more than other dictionaries, had not stated that which was correct," or in other terms is pronounced to be guilty, if not of piracy, at least of plagiarism and untruth,—that man so stigmatised stands forth as the champion of the judge and the judgment, the law and the lawyers. And why? Is it not because he did not expect to be so leniently dealt with to stay the injunction, and, having expected to be declared a pirate, is more than satisfied with being merely pronounced a plagiarist and a man that "had not stated that which was correct," and mulcted in his own costs? That judge must, indeed, be "able and accomplished" who in such a case saves him his book and plaintiff's costs to boot.

With the ordinary good faith exhibited throughout the whole affair, Mr. Contanseau, in his letter, speaks of my being "absurd" (in inverted commas) in my claims, as if that epithet had been applied to them by the Vice-Chancellor.

It is not assuredly because I was "absurd" in my claims that the Vice-Chancellor condemned my adversaries to the payment of their own costs, declared that "the real issue was one of the most difficult ever presented to him—viz., as to how far this very considerable use of the work of another might be taken to be legitimate;" that "the present case went as far as any previous case, though not perhaps further than *Mawman v. Teggs*," where a very large and considerable portion of the plaintiff's work had been taken without any alteration or addition; that "it was about as evenly balanced a question as could be presented to a jury;" and that "it was very nicely balanced in his own mind whether the legitimate bounds had been so far overstepped by the defendant, as to induce the court to give the plaintiff the benefit of staying the publication of the defendant's work, and I am not prepared to do so." A question the most difficult ever presented to the Vice-Chancellor, evenly balanced for a jury, and so nicely balanced in the mind of the judge, must have appeared not so "absurd" either, but rather tolerably reasonable. And please to remark that the Vice-Chancellor admits that the case "went as far as any previous case," i.e., just short of legal piracy; and further, that "the legitimate bounds had been overstepped;" although, in the estimation of that exponent of the law, not far enough to induce him to stay the publication. The question then is merely of quantity, and not at all of quality—in short, not whether or not *there was* plagiarism, but whether *there was sufficient* plagiarism to amount to legal piracy.

But let us now see on which side lie the misrepresentation and the attempt to mislead the public.

My quotations from the judgment are faithfully presented, and their accuracy is not contested. Now the greater part of those given by M. Contanseau coincide with the terms of the shorthand notes taken at the trial, and these exactly correspond with the report of the *Times*. But in some of the most important of these there are certain omissions that cannot be accounted for, unless by wilful misrepresentation and the desire to mislead the public.

M. Contanseau quotes thus:—"There can be no doubt as to his vocabulary and arrangements; M. Contanseau had taken them from Bescherelle, and not from Dr. Spiers." The whole question really is reduced to the acceptations in the French-English *8vo.* M. Contanseau has very prudently omitted the end of the phrase: "Though he had certainly taken very considerably from Dr. Spiers, and had followed his order and arrangement much oftener than that of any other dictionary."

Another instance of the same good faith in quotation. M. Contanseau makes the Vice-Chancellor say: "Not by any means every article taken from Dr. Spiers's *8vo.*; much consisted of emanations from the defendant's own brain; some were translations from Bescherelle; some taken from other dictionaries." M. Contanseau has again most conveniently forgotten the end of the sentence: "Though by far the greater portion from the plaintiff's work."

If a plagiarist were bound to speak the truth, there would certainly be woeful sins of omission.

After the above specimens of veracity I cannot be expected to place implicit reliance upon any other assertions in that letter; but, if "the work of the 'spiller' has, after careful comparison, been adopted in any of the great establishments in England," I can but say that these establishments, to be consistent, should call in Monsieur Bernard for their French master.

I am prepared to refute nearly all the facts and reasoning contained in the quotations of M. Contanseau's letter. But I am not entitled to claim in your journal the requisite space. I have hitherto, from deference to the judgment-seat, abstained from discussing either; but both appear to me, perhaps from my long residence on the Continent, most extraordinary. I will merely take one example of each.

M. Contanseau swore in his first affidavit that he began his manuscript of the French-English part on the 2nd January 1848, and completed it in 1850. "That he (M. Contanseau) began his dictionary in 1848 or 1849 there was no doubt whatever, for he had the evidence of nine professors of Addiscombe, who had spoken to his being engaged on his dictionary for many years."

Now "many years" may, in 1857, apply to 1851 or 1852 quite as well as to 1848 or 1849, and especially as more than half the paper of the MS. bears in the watermark the date of 1852! The Vice-Chancellor, it is true, supposes elsewhere that these sheets of the date of 1852 may have "been subsequently inserted for the purpose of making alterations and corrections in various places." This reasoning might be applicable to a sheet or two now and then, "in various places;" but can it be reasonably

\* I still have every doubt on the subject.

† The following is a specimen of the English of one of M. Contanseau's translations from Bescherelle: "RACHA-LANDER, to retrieve customers."

applied, not to a few sheets here and there, but to sheets following each other consecutively, forming the whole of many letters of the alphabet (every sheet of letters A, H, I, J, M, N, R, S, T, U, and G, and several parts of other letters), and especially all letter A, to the extent of more than half the MS. of the French-English part, sworn to have been completed in 1850. The supposition is barely possible; but the probability certainly lies the other way, especially when it is considered that the MS. is alleged on affidavit to have been already copied from scraps of paper; that Mr. Contanseau, in 1850, and probably in 1851, was engaged in the tuition of his college and of 20 private pupils, and in 1851 published another work, a French grammar. Do not these facts point naturally to 1852 as the commencement of the MS., fully confirmed again by the date of the watermark; and, if more than half the manuscript was re-written after 1852, that the MS. was not completed in 1850? And wonderful to relate, the recollection of having re-written any sheets at all burst on Mr. Contanseau as a light from Heaven, only after the detection and exposure of the date in the watermark! Now I do contend that such an allegation would never have been admitted by any jury in the world, certainly not by any jury of Englishmen.

Let us now take a specimen of the reasoning intended to show "a legitimate use, in the fair exercise of a mental operation deserving the character, of an original work."

"Further than this, there was the second operation of considerable labour, the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin."

Why, in America avowed pirates, bearing the names of the authors, constantly undergo the labour of editorship. McCulloch's "Geographical Dictionary" has for its American editor Mr. Daniel Harkel, A.M.; Liddell and Scott's Lexicon is reprinted "with corrections and additions" by Henry Drieler, M.A.; Riddle and Arnold's Lexicon is "carefully revised" by Dr. Anthon; and Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities" is "corrected and enlarged" by Dr. Anthon. Appleton's edition of my *8vo.* Dictionary has the name of Mr. Quackenbos, A.M., and Huntington's edition of both my *8vo.* and abridgment are edited by Mr. Jewett. What copyright would be safe, if it were held to be sufficient to constitute an original work that the book should be revised and examined? Might not every pirate claim "the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin?"

The very reverse of this doctrine would appear to me to be the law of reason and of justice. Is it not as if a man were allowed to appropriate to himself my house because he may alter its doors or its windows, its floors or its ceilings? Nay, no alteration or improvement should entitle any one "to reap the fruit and benefit of another's labour," any more than that it should be allowable for him to appropriate to himself another man's piece of ground, because, after having first seized it, he chooses to build a house upon it.

I fear I have already trespassed too long on your valuable space. I will merely add that I am not at all singular in my estimate of the judgment.

A former Lord Chancellor of England considers the judgment unsatisfactory; a former Chancellor of France and Minister of Justice has expressed the like conviction; two French judges the self-same, although their opinion is based upon the terms of the judgment itself. It is an impression, I am assured, common to the whole of the Paris Bar, and, I believe, of the Paris public. A gentleman of the Chancery Bar (not my own counsel, who might have a bias) has written to me: "I feel very strongly the moral, equitable, and legal justice of your cause, a feeling which I thought common to nine-tenths of the audience." Another legal authority writes from London: "I am glad to find Lord — considers the judgment in your great case unsatisfactory. On the whole, I think the feeling of all who read it *here* is the same way."

I confidently trust that henceforth, if this judgment should ever be referred to as a precedent in cases of copyright, it will be evident to all that acquiescence in it is not the motive of non-appeal; but that I had in advance engaged with my adversaries to waive that right. My appeal must then be to public opinion, which I challenge through your medium.

In apologising for the length of my communication, I cannot refrain from expressing my high sense of the impartiality and liberal courtesy of the *Critic*, for which I would beg to proffer my acknowledgments.—I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obliged,

A. SPIERS.

UNLESS JENKINS is deceiving us, the aristocracy is about to disport itself in the pleasant but naughty bowers of Cremorne. Just to see what the "Traviata" will do! How potent are Signor VERDI and the force of example. Moved by a fit of virtuous indignation, the *Times*, after puffing up the opera in its musical columns, attempted at the end of the first season to write it down, and succeeded, as a natural consequence, in writing it up. The curiosity of folks was aroused, a wretched opera obtained a Don Juan-like success, everybody went to see it and nobody owned it, and now VIOLETTA is a fashionable personage. Everybody knows that people—and, above all, great people—never do things by halves. When the public mind is turned in a certain direction, it always runs like a stream one way, until it is turned back again by some more potent influence, or until the source is dry. When once our prudish public had persuaded itself into touching the unholy thing, it could scarcely handle it too frequently or with too great familiarity. Until lately, we have treated our social sores as the Hebrews treated leprosy—by covering them up; but now we are all in the opposite extreme of lancing, probing, and exposure to the light of day. We firmly believe that if it had not been for the Signor VERDI and his opera, the letters of "One more Unfortunate" would never have been admitted into the *Times*. And now the consequence of all this is, that Lady BLANCHE and the Countess VIRGINIE must masquerade upon a stage hitherto sacred to VIOLETTA and her sisterhood. We know that many virtuous and prudent matrons have gone

of dark nights to see Cremorne; but then it has only been to see what it was like, and in mufti, under careful guardianship, and with unlifted veils. But in this gay festivity *à fresco ed à notte*—in these Chelsea Gardens of CIRCE—there is to be no concealment. The gardens are to be strictly "tiled in" for the night. There is a committee of lady patronesses, among whom some of the most distinguished names are mentioned. Vouchers are necessary, and JENKINS assures us that in the distribution of them "the utmost exclusiveness will be preserved." This is of course highly necessary, for VIOLETTA is a very persevering young lady; and, as one who must be nameless once got into a masquerade and passed muster among the mummors for one of themselves until a disagreeable smell of sulphur betrayed him, so it might possibly happen that the aristocratic maskers would run a risk of being startled by the presence of a little reality amid their fiction. But they may be as exclusive as they please, as jealous of their vouchers as the Lady Patronesses at Almack's—when Almack's really was exclusive—still they can never purge the place of its associations and its memories; the heavy odours of VIOLETTA's *pachouli* will hang about it still, stifling the more delicate perfumes of *millefleurs* and the Jockey Club; the impress of her foot will be upon the grass, the wine-stains she has left upon the table; and—mothers of Belgravia, beware!—moral fevers, like physical ones, are catching.

Among many items of gossip in the world of journalism respecting papers and periodicals, their changes and chances, may be noted the fact that the *Leader* has once more changed hands, and is about to undergo considerable modifications. This is, we believe, the third time that this paper has changed its nature within a not very prolonged existence; but, if what we hear be true, the last will be the most prudent change of all. At the outset, the *Leader* started with what must be called a very pretentious title and very pretentious views—justified, however, to a great extent by the great ability with which they were supported. Professing what are called "advanced principles," it obtained great favour among that large body of English youth whose opinions are not crystallised, and who are always glad to welcome anything new in the way of political and religious doctrines, especially if they be enforced with wit and spirit. This the *Leader* certainly did, and at that time no journal of the same standing was more eagerly perused, if not in the drawing-room, at least in the club-room, and on the hinder benches of the bar. After that, it underwent a change "into something new and strange." Milder counsels prevailed with its management, and milder views were professed. Though still conducted with uncommon ability, and written by some of the cleverest pens upon the press, this change did not prove beneficial to the paper in a commercial point of view. To use a common expression, it fell between two stools. The former strong-stomached admirers of the *Leader* were dissatisfied with what they deemed republicanism *en bottles verains*; whilst the moderate thinkers, on the other hand, still continued to regard it with the same holy horror as before. Under the new management, it is probable that the change in everything but name will be radical and complete; the old leaven will be entirely purged; an entirely new class of writers introduced; a considerable augmentation will take place; and the *Leader*, instead of occupying itself with Positivism, German Neology, and the political doctrines of M. PROUDHON, will become a shining light in illuminating such dark questions as Peel's Act, the Currency Laws, and the Decimal Coinage. In point of fact, it is about to become the organ of a certain school in political economy, and, whilst it will preserve all the features of a generally political, social, literary, and artistic journal, the extra space will be devoted to matters which have hitherto been considered to fall only within the special province of the *Economist*. As for other matters, the *Literary Gazette* (JERDAN'S *Literary Gazette*) has fallen into the hands of Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS and the gentlemen of the *Punch* staff, and is about to become a sort of comic review. The *Sunday Times* changed hands once more some time back, and is no longer the property of Mr. E. T. SMITH. The literary obituary of this quarter includes the *Train*, which expired of a lingering atrophy. The fate of this pe-

riodical adds another to the already numerous instances of abortive schemes by literary men for carrying on a publication among themselves upon joint-stock principles. When it appeared on the same day as the *Idler*, we predicted of them both, "The *Idler* cannot possibly survive the year; the *Train* probably may." Our prediction was verified to the letter, for the *Idler* very quickly expired, but the *Train* attained the ripe old age of eighteen months.

Although no one can for one moment approve of the conduct of Mr. GROSSMITH in taking the law into his own hands, by caning Mr. MAY as Mr. MAY had caned his son, it must be admitted that the disclosures at the Mansion House put the conduct of the latter gentleman into quite a new light. When the LORD MAYOR sent the charge of assault preferred by Mr. GROSSMITH, on behalf of his son, to be investigated by a jury, the press was almost unanimous in ridiculing the magistrate for treating with such seriousness what people were pleased to term "such a trumpery case," and in exclaiming against interfering with a schoolmaster's supposed right to flog his pupils to his heart's content. We must confess that, although we did not think the matter called for observation at the time, it did appear to us that Mr. MAY's conduct was not quite so blameless in the matter as it was generally made out to be. We always suspect a schoolmaster who is fond of using the rod, to be either negligent of his duty, or incapable of understanding it. If the rod be of any value at all, it is a quick and violent remedy for that which may be cured by milder means more patiently applied. We doubt, however, whether it be a remedy at all,—whether it is anything but a brutalizing and hardening infliction. With all the mass of authority before us, from BUSBY down to the present Head Master of Eton, we incline to this heretical opinion. But, setting that extreme view of the question aside, surely not even the most rigid adherent to the old martinet system will approve of excessive corporeal punishment, so excessive as to bring on mental disease. It is sworn upon evidence that the son of Mr. GROSSMITH is now dangerously ill from the effects of the beating he received from Mr. MAY; nor is this a solitary instance of this gentleman's method of instruction. Another father of a pupil, the Rev. H. ROBERTS, waited upon the LORD MAYOR to state that he had found it necessary to remove his son from Mr. MAY's tuition, in consequence of severe and unnecessary chastisement; and in proof of his assertion he produced the following apology, which Mr. MAY had delivered in writing, in order to prevent the legal consequences of his act:

9, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, Feb. 18th, 1858.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that I reflect upon the want of discretion and judgment which was so painfully evinced by me in the severe chastisement which I inflicted upon my former pupil, Horace W. L. Roberts, at the Brewers' Company School, on Friday, the 12th inst., and for which I was justly summoned before the Lord Mayor of London. I acknowledge with gratitude the lenient course which at my earnest entreaty the father of the child in question, the Rev. Horace Roberts, has adopted in consenting to withdraw from a public prosecution against me for the offence; and I sincerely appreciate the forgiving spirit of his son in sanctioning such a course. As a recompense to the son, I have fulfilled with pleasure the conditions imposed upon me by my kind advocate and friend, the Rev. John Poole; and as an acknowledgement of the father's forbearance I respond cheerfully to his desire, by making this sincere and unreserved avowal of regret for all that has occurred in reference hereto, and which I trust will satisfy the public, as it will the parents' sense of duty and responsibility. ED. J. MAY.—Signed in my presence, W. E. POOLE, 10, South-crescent.

The recompense referred to in this document was that Mr. MAY placed the son of Mr. ROBERTS in another school for six months at his own expense. How cruelly excessive must have been the punishment for which one clergyman could require from another such a recompense and such an apology, it is not difficult to imagine. It now only remains for the Brewers' Company to offer their opinion upon Mr. MAY's system of tuition.

It is impossible to feel otherwise than very sorry on hearing of the calamity which lately befel Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of Crimean, and now of Indian celebrity. According to the announcement of the *Times* itself, Mr. RUSSELL was prostrated by a sun-stroke on the march with Sir COLIN CAMPBELL from Futteghur to Bareilly. In consequence of this misfortune his last letter was transmitted in an unfinished state,

and the supplementary intelligence had to be supplied by the Bombay correspondent. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the perfect reliance to be placed upon all his descriptions, there can be none whatever about the talent evinced in their composition, the rich graces of style by which they are adorned, and the uncommon courage and self-devotion which he has invariably displayed in what may very properly be termed the public service. Were anything to happen to Mr. RUSSELL, it would not be too much to say that the greatest reporter on the English press had gone. It is satisfactory therefore, to be able to announce that, according to the last accounts, Mr. RUSSELL is recovering from the effects of the stroke, and is, in one telegram, announced to be at Futteghur, and "quite well." That he may remain so amid all the dangerous influences of the Indian climate, and return to enjoy the position which he has fairly won, must be the sincere wish not only of his personal friends, but of all who read his letters—in other words, of all reading Englishmen and Englishwomen.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Mr. PEPPER, the excellent and indefatigable director of the Polytechnic, took a complimentary benefit before his retirement from the direction of the Institution which has flourished so greatly under his care. To those who have attended the Polytechnic Institution for some years past we need say little in praise of Mr. PEPPER's system of management. Greater courtesy to all comers, more judgment in the selection of entertainments likely to be both popular and instructive, could not have been displayed by any one than by this gentleman from the beginning to the end of his career. Bearing this in mind, we hope that what we hear is true, namely, that Mr. PEPPER's retirement is only the preliminary to another and more advantageous engagement.

The famous "press prosecutions" have ended after all in smoke—a little forensic rhetoric, and a great deal of nonsense. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL declined to press the prosecutions instituted by his predecessor if Mr. TRUELOVE would only state that he did not intend to incite to the assassination of the French Emperor. This Mr. TRUELOVE's counsel at once conceded, and Lord CAMPBELL, after directing the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty," dismissed the defendants with a caution. Strange inconsistency! If not guilty, why the caution? So far we are glad that a weak and unwise proceeding has come to an end.

A meeting of the promoters of the Newspaper Press Fund is called for this day at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of considering the rules which have been revised by the committee. From what we hear, it is likely that questions will be mooted upon which the future status and success of the movement must depend; and we earnestly recommend all who possibly can, and who take an interest in the question, and are desirous of elevating the newspaper press into the dignity of a profession, not to fail in their attendance.

THE WEATHER AND THE WIGS.—On the Lord Chief Baron taking his seat in the Exchequer Court the other morning, Mr. Knowles, who was counsel on the first cause in the list, applied to his Lordship for permission to dispense with his wig during this very hot weather. It would be a very great convenience to him personally, and he understood also to several of his learned friends, if the permission could be accorded.—The Lord Chief Baron: Certainly, in permanently hot countries where the English law is administered both the judges and the bar dispense with wigs.—Mr. Knowles: I am afraid, my Lord, we cannot call this a permanently hot country; all we can say is, that it is excessively hot just at present. The Lord Chief Baron: If you can say, Mr. Knowles, that wearing your wig gives you a headache, or causes you any serious inconvenience.—Mr. Knowles: Sir, I am afraid I cannot put it so high as that, but only as a matter of inconvenience. Perhaps your Lordship will consult the other learned judges. (Laughter.)—The Lord Chief Baron: I certainly might do that in the course of the day.—Mr. Sergeant Shee: Perhaps the best thing, then, is for us to dispense with our wigs now, and your Lordship may, at the close of the day, report the result of your conference with the other learned judges.—Mr. Knowles, however took nothing by his motion, for wigs, despite the intense heat, still continue to be worn. It is, we believe, among the traditions of the bar that once, on a similar application, Sir William Follett was permitted to address the Court without his wig.



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*  
By SAMUEL BAILEY. Second Series. London:  
Longmans.

THE only independent and original English philosophy is the Baconian philosophy. A truly English philosophy of a more spiritual character may yet arise; but it gives so far small signs of appearing. Essentially synthetic, the English genius becomes barrenly, childishly, pedantically analytic, whenever it ventures into the metaphysical domain. Each new book by an English author on a metaphysical subject can boast of being more aridly analytical than its predecessor. It is the main feature of German metaphysics, on the contrary, to be inspired by a potent and prolific synthesis, and by that alone. Hence, though German metaphysical writers often lose themselves in the abstract and the fantastic, they seldom leave us without a grand and fruitful conception of the universe. Can we say aught like this of Mr. Bailey, acute and ingenious as a thinker, and lucid and lively as expositor and as critic though he be? What new glory has he revealed to us? To what new height has he enabled us to climb? What feast from the invisible land has he offered to our hungry hearts? What yearning for the invisible God has he awakened? What sublime dream of ideal perfection has he flashed on our brain? These are no captious questions. But we are weary, very weary of the small dexterities of debate where we pant for divinest colours, divinest forms, and divinest voices. The Apostle did not denounce philosophy as such—he denounced philosophy falsely so called; and can it be anathematised in terms too scornful or too fierce? In England it meets us as a shallowness in phrenology, as a leprosy in positivism, as dreary drivelling analysis in psychology. Our war then is with all these; our war at present is especially with the last, as it is the last of which Mr. Bailey discourses. The ground we take in opposition to psychology, and for which we have fought battle after battle, is, that we can study the individual as a portion of a larger unity, but that it is illusory, frivolous, and sterile to study fragments of the individual. In metaphysics we deal with no dead or shadowy thing; we deal with living organisms in the vastest living organism; we deal with them in their relation to the unseen. Psychology, which is a grinding of old tombstones into the minutest powder, has nothing therefore to do with metaphysics. In strictest speech and in strictest fact alike the metaphysical is that which lies behind the veil of nature. Instead, therefore, of making us dwell as morbid anatomists on our puny selves, it is for ever carrying us away into the higher life, and this is its signal and sublime service. Sphere beyond sphere we ascend, till words fail us to utter our ecstasy of contemplation. Now the psychologists, always grovelling on the earth, always dabbling among rotten bones, decay those aspirations they have never felt. Nothing is to their taste except the putrid prose of their own microscopic existence. The infinite which environs this pitiful span of theirs they curse as mysticism, as if it were not mystery which converts universal being from a mere common mass into the temple of Deity. The utmost merit which we can allow to such a production as the one before us is that it may possibly help to teach accuracy in the use of words. But this, even though deserved, may be doubtful praise. The French language has succeeded so completely in attaining clearness and correctness as to have become the very poorest language in the world. It has been so polished by grammarians, that we seek in it, and find not, the muscle, the massiveness, and the majesty of our illustrious English tongue. What is the quarrel of a psychologist with all the psychologists who have gone before him? That they have employed one word while he in his wisdom would have preferred another. And so the juggle and the jargon go on from generation to generation. Psychology might in general be described as grammar made dull. Locke is the chief model of dullness; and if the psychologists can be as dull as Locke, then they are satisfied. Mr. Bailey has not a natural faculty for dullness; but he does his best to achieve dullness notwithstanding. As if he distrusted himself, however, he some-

times introduces the dullness of others; for instance, he quotes from a Mr. Tagart, a *dilettante* scribbler on psychology, whose natural faculty for dullness is immense and unquestionable, the extremely impertinent saying that "Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind" is a very shallow and feeble performance. Now, whatever we may think of Reid, we must admit that he belongs to the few who have rendered psychology interesting; and so Jouffroy, and many more, whom we consider rather better judges than Mr. Tagart, have deemed. Though political economy is so repulsive, yet how much Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" charms us! And, likewise, though psychology is so wearisome, how much we encounter that is attractive and instructive in the pages of Reid. Just because, through his shrewd glance and his robust sound sense, Reid, without reference to psychology, arrived often at what was beautifully and eternally true. Both Stewart and Brown, also, are remarkable and fascinating writers, let the position we assign them as philosophers be lowly or exalted. There are two obvious reasons why Scotch psychologists remind us less of sandy deserts and stony wilds than the mass of English psychologists. Education at schools and universities is far less exclusive, monotonous, and monastic in Scotland than in England. The bond with the nation and with the literature of the nation is never broken as by the English cloistral system. Then the Scotch, though not metaphysicians proper, but only psychologists, yet allow to psychology a tolerably comprehensive range, so that their delineations of human nature are sometimes as faithful and as fresh as if we owed them to some famous poet. The most distinguished of recent Scotch philosophers, Sir William Hamilton, does not delight us with these pleasant gleams: philosophy was to him more completely than perhaps to any one before him a mere science of definitions; yet philosophy really deals with that which cannot be defined. And this constitutes the difference between psychology and ontology. Psychology analyses and defines ever and evermore; ontology uncerains synthesis on synthesis, and never attempts to define. Hence the psychologist and the ontologist cannot understand each other. What to the former is a problem, to the latter is a fact to be added to a boundless treasure of facts, a victory to be added to a long series of victories. A part of Mr. Bailey's volume is devoted to a refutation of the German philosophy. Now Mr. Bailey plainly labours under a total misapprehension of what German philosophy is. First, because his knowledge of it is scanty and second-hand, gleaned here and there from compilations; and, secondly, because he is a psychologist, and the achievements and discoveries of German philosophy have been mainly ontological. No one who has thoroughly studied German philosophy will speak of it with aught but wonder, gratitude, and reverence. How much, however, do the words "German philosophy," include. Besides its primordial representatives, whose names in England are so much better known than their works, does it not offer us such men as Louis Feuerbach, who would carry materialism and atheism to their ultimates, and Anthony Günther, who would revive, extend, and perfect Cartesianism—offer us types of whatever shape thought has taken from the beginning? How foolish, then, to talk of German philosophy as if it invariably meant one thing, or as if its whole pith could be condensed into half a dozen sentences. But, manifold as German philosophy may be, there is no leading German system with which we are acquainted that inclines to the subdivision of the human faculties. Mr. Bailey is, therefore, manifesting extreme ignorance in attacking it on this ground. German philosophy proclaims unity of substance. Before that unity it would efface all divisions and subdivisions. It would be as just to accuse the Old Testament of favouring polytheism when depicting God's mercy or God's anger, as to accuse German philosophy of breaking up the individual into paltriest parcels when employing such metaphysical terms as reason, consciousness, and many more. The poetic pantheism which transfuses, which transfigures, the grandest metaphysical doctrines in Germany demands extraordinary wealth, and boldness, and vigour of

imagination to feel and to comprehend it. He who possesseth not this imagination had better not approach or pretend to judge the German philosophy. Is it not from want of this imagination that Mr. Bailey finds Fichte to be talking rank nonsense in maintaining that everything which we ascribe to objects, and which is supposed to come to us from them, has first been put by us into those objects by a conclusion? What so true as this? All perception is the transference of ourselves. Transferring ourselves into objects, they are thenceforth but forms of our own individuality. They become real through our ideal. We are their creators. Mr. Bailey and all of his school will call this mystical, whereat we are neither alarmed nor annoyed. We only know that it is what we learned from experience, and not from books—what we believed long before we knew that there were any metaphysical systems in the world. It was but the revival in a young heart of the old Oriental dream, deeper and higher than which no philosophy has yet gone, and of which metempsychosis, so ill understood, is the crowning phantasy. So far from being the deification of matter, it is the deification of the spiritual principle. We dart ourselves, as the spiritual, the vital, everywhere; and only the spiritual, the vital, do we thus everywhere behold—matter, that hideous figment of the psychologists, vanishing away like a guilty thing. The feebleness of Mr. Bailey's book, or rather the feebleness of psychology, is strikingly shown in his remarks on the causation of voluntary action. Beyond the limited region of psychology must we march, if profitably and with catholic breadth we are to discuss the awful question of liberty and necessity. One of the first axioms of ontology is that nature and necessity are identical. This excludes chance, but it does not imply fatalism. The necessity of nature is the inalienable freedom of nature. If we are included in nature's necessity, we are included in nature's inalienable freedom. Nature acts from an internal impulse and not from a foreign pressure, and so do we. As it is we that make objects what they are by transfusion and transfiguration, so it is we that fashion our own destiny by emanation. This is a faith as elevating as it is consoling, while it has none of the stern pride, none of the Titanic rebelliousness, from which in Stoicism mankind shrank. It is also favourable as no other faith can be to the sense of moral responsibility. We are the architects of our own fortune; we are the inspirers and moulders of our own career; we are our own guardian angels. Practically this is the richest fruit of ontology; for what so degrading or so despairing as that man should be continually asking himself, as psychology continually urges him to ask himself, whether he be a free being or a slave. He is free by the grace of God, which, in metaphysical language, is the perennial plenitude of life from within. Life may often fail from without if we seek it from without; from within it never faileth. We pretend not, in speaking thus, to be the interpreters of German ontology to the exclusion of every other.

Philosophy belongs to no age and no nation; and therefore he who aspires to be a philosopher should be familiar with the philosophers of every nation and of every age. German philosophy is the most magnificent apocalypse of modern thought. But it has striking defects. It is too much mere thought—too much divorced from the actual. It is too fond of disguising commonplaces in labyrinthine phrases. Not seldom, in passing twenty yards into the nebulous, it foolishly fancies that it is soaring farther and farther toward the mystical and the infinite. Though no philosophy is national, yet all philosophy should stupendously influence a country's condition. Philosophy among the Germans, however, has been a hindrance rather than a help. Under its moral vigour has grown feeble, patriotic earnestness cold; it has been the apologist of cowardice and compromise, and the friend of despotism. It must bear no small part of the blame if Austria and Prussia are ignobly selfish, and if the smaller German states are the serfs of the Czar. Life must predominate over thought, if thought is to be a power. Life includes thought, and should be its master, not its servant. Whenever this natural subordination is overthrown, presumption, pedantry, falsehood, fruitless speculation,

o' dark nights to see Cremorne; but then it has only been to see what it was like, and in mufti, under careful guardianship, and with unlifted veils. But in this gay festivity *al fresco ed al notte*—in these Chelsea Gardens of Circe—there is to be no concealment. The gardens are to be strictly "tiled in" for the night. There is a committee of lady patronesses, among whom some of the most distinguished names are mentioned. Vouchers are necessary, and JENKINS assures us that in the distribution of them "the utmost exclusiveness will be preserved." This is of course highly necessary, for VIOLETTA is a very persevering young lady; and, as one who must be nameless once got into a masquerade and passed muster among the mummings for one of themselves until a disagreeable smell of sulphur betrayed him, so it might possibly happen that the aristocratic maskers would run a risk of being startled by the presence of a little reality amid their fiction. But they may be as exclusive as they please, as jealous of their vouchers as the Lady Patronesses at Almack's—when Almack's really was exclusive—still they can never purge the place of its associations and its memories; the heavy odours of VIOLETTA's *pachouli* will hang about it still, stifling the more delicate perfumes of *millefleurs* and the Jockey Club; the impress of her foot will be upon the grass, the wine-stains she has left upon the table; and—mothers of Belgravia, beware!—moral fevers, like physical ones, are catching.

Among many items of gossip in the world of journalism respecting papers and periodicals, their changes and chances, may be noted the fact that the *Leader* has once more changed hands, and is about to undergo considerable modifications. This is, we believe, the third time that this paper has changed its nature within a not very prolonged existence; but, if what we hear be true, the last will be the most prudent change of all. At the outset, the *Leader* started with what must be called a very pretentious title and very pretentious views—justified, however, to a great extent by the great ability with which they were supported. Professing what are called "advanced principles," it obtained great favour among that large body of English youth whose opinions are not crystallised, and who are always glad to welcome anything new in the way of political and religious doctrines, especially if they be enforced with wit and spirit. This the *Leader* certainly did, and at that time no journal of the same standing was more eagerly perused, if not in the drawing-room, at least in the club-room, and on the hinder benches of the bar. After that, it underwent a change "into something new and strange." Milder counsels prevailed with its management, and milder views were professed. Though still conducted with uncommon ability, and written by some of the cleverest pens upon the press, this change did not prove beneficial to the paper in a commercial point of view. To use a common expression, it fell between two stools. The former strong-stomached admirers of the *Leader* were dissatisfied with what they deemed republicanism *en bottles vernis*; whilst the moderate thinkers, on the other hand, still continued to regard it with the same holy horror as before. Under the new management, it is probable that the change in everything but name will be radical and complete; the old leaven will be entirely purged; an entirely new class of writers introduced; a considerable augmentation will take place; and the *Leader*, instead of occupying itself with Positivism, German Neology, and the political doctrines of M. PROUDHON, will become a shining light in illuminating such dark questions as Peel's Act, the Currency Laws, and the Decimal Coinage. In point of fact, it is about to become the organ of a certain school in political economy, and, whilst it will preserve all the features of a generally political, social, literary, and artistic journal, the extra space will be devoted to matters which have hitherto been considered to fall only within the special province of the *Economist*. As for other matters, the *Literary Gazette* (JERDAN'S *Literary Gazette*) has fallen into the hands of Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS and the gentlemen of the *Punch* staff, and is about to become a sort of comic review. The *Sunday Times* changed hands once more some time back, and is no longer the property of Mr. E. T. SMITH. The literary obituary of this quarter includes the *Train*, which expired of a lingering atrophy. The fate of this pe-

riodical adds another to the already numerous instances of abortive schemes by literary men for carrying on a publication among themselves upon joint-stock principles. When it appeared on the same day as the *Idler*, we predicted of them both, "The *Idler* cannot possibly survive the year; the *Train* probably may." Our prediction was verified to the letter, for the *Idler* very quickly expired, but the *Train* attained the ripe old age of eighteen months.

Although no one can for one moment approve of the conduct of Mr. GROSSMITH in taking the law into his own hands, by caning Mr. MAY as Mr. MAY had caned his son, it must be admitted that the disclosures at the Mansion House put the conduct of the latter gentleman into quite a new light. When the LORD MAYOR sent the charge of assault preferred by Mr. GROSSMITH, on behalf of his son, to be investigated by a jury, the press was almost unanimous in ridiculing the magistrate for treating with such seriousness what people were pleased to term "such a trumpery case," and in exclaiming against interfering with a schoolmaster's supposed right to flog his pupils to his heart's content. We must confess that, although we did not think the matter called for observation at the time, it did appear to us that Mr. MAY's conduct was not quite so blameless in the matter as it was generally made out to be. We always suspect a schoolmaster who is fond of using the rod, to be either negligent of his duty, or incapable of understanding it. If the rod be of any value at all, it is a quick and violent remedy for that which may be cured by milder means more patiently applied. We doubt, however, whether it be a remedy at all,—whether it is anything but a brutalizing and hardening infliction. With all the mass of authority before us, from BESBY down to the present Head Master of Eton, we incline to this heretical opinion. But, setting that extreme view of the question aside, surely not even the most rigid adherent to the old martinet system will approve of excessive corporeal punishment, so excessive as to bring on mental disease. It is sworn upon evidence that the son of Mr. GROSSMITH is now dangerously ill from the effects of the beating he received from Mr. MAY; nor is this a solitary instance of this gentleman's method of instruction. Another father of a pupil, the Rev. H. ROBERTS, waited upon the LORD MAYOR to state that he had found it necessary to remove his son from Mr. MAY's tuition, in consequence of severe and unnecessary chastisement; and in proof of his assertion he produced the following apology, which Mr. MAY had delivered in writing, in order to prevent the legal consequences of his act:

9, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, Feb. 18th, 1858.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that I reflect upon the want of discretion and judgment which was so painfully evinced by me in the severe chastisement which I inflicted upon my former pupil, Horace W. L. Roberts, at the Brewers' Company School, on Friday, the 12th inst., and for which I was justly summoned before the Lord Mayor of London. I acknowledge with gratitude the lenient course which at my earnest entreaty the father of the child in question, the Rev. Horace Roberts, has adopted in consenting to withdraw from a public prosecution against me for the offence; and I sincerely appreciate the forgiving spirit of his son in sanctioning such a course. As a recompense to the son, I have fulfilled with pleasure the conditions imposed upon me by my kind advocate and friend, the Rev. John Poole; and as an acknowledgement of the father's forbearance I respond cheerfully to his desire, by making this sincere and unreserved avowal of regret for all that has occurred in reference hereto, and which I trust will satisfy the public, as it will the parents' sense of duty and responsibility. ED. J. MAY.—Signed in my presence, W. E. POOLE, 10, South-crescent.

The recompense referred to in this document was that Mr. MAY placed the son of Mr. ROBERTS in another school for six months at his own expense. How cruelly excessive must have been the punishment for which one clergyman could require from another such a recompense and such an apology, it is not difficult to imagine. It now only remains for the Brewers' Company to offer their opinion upon Mr. MAY's system of tuition.

It is impossible to feel otherwise than very sorry on hearing of the calamity which lately befel Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of Crimean, and now of Indian celebrity. According to the announcement of the *Times* itself, Mr. RUSSELL was prostrated by a sun-stroke on the march with Sir COLIN CAMPBELL from Futteghur to Bareilly. In consequence of this misfortune his last letter was transmitted in an unfinished state,

and the supplementary intelligence had to be supplied by the Bombay correspondent. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the perfect reliance to be placed upon all his descriptions, there can be none whatever about the talent evinced in their composition, the rich graces of style by which they are adorned, and the uncommon courage and self-devotion which he has invariably displayed in what may very properly be termed the public service. Were anything to happen to Mr. RUSSELL, it would not be too much to say that the greatest reporter on the English press had gone. It is satisfactory therefore, to be able to announce that, according to the last accounts, Mr. RUSSELL is recovering from the effects of the stroke, and is, in one telegram, announced to be at Futteghur, and "quite well." That he may remain so amid all the dangerous influences of the Indian climate, and return to enjoy the position which he has fairly won, must be the sincere wish not only of his personal friends, but of all who read his letters—in other words, of all reading Englishmen and Englishwomen.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Mr. PEPPER, the excellent and indefatigable director of the Polytechnic, took a complimentary benefit before his retirement from the direction of the Institution which has flourished so greatly under his care. To those who have attended the Polytechnic Institution for some years past we need say little in praise of Mr. PEPPER's system of management. Greater courtesy to all comers, more judgment in the selection of entertainments likely to be both popular and instructive, could not have been displayed by any one than by this gentleman from the beginning to the end of his career. Bearing this in mind, we hope that what we hear is true, namely, that Mr. PEPPER's retirement is only the preliminary to another and more advantageous engagement.

The famous "press prosecutions" have ended after all in smoke—a little forensic rhetoric, and a great deal of nonsense. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL declined to press the prosecutions instituted by his predecessor if Mr. TRUELOVE would only state that he did not intend to incite to the assassination of the French Emperor. This Mr. TRUELOVE's counsel at once conceded, and Lord CAMPBELL, after directing the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty," dismissed the defendants with a caution. Strange inconsistency! If not guilty, why the caution? So far we are glad that a weak and unwise proceeding has come to an end.

A meeting of the promoters of the Newspaper Press Fund is called for this day at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of considering the rules which have been revised by the committee. From what we hear, it is likely that questions will be mooted upon which the future status and success of the movement must depend; and we earnestly recommend all who possibly can, and who take an interest in the question, and are desirous of elevating the newspaper press into the dignity of a profession, not to fail in their attendance.

THE WEATHER AND THE WIGS.—On the Lord Chief Baron taking his seat in the Exchequer Court the other morning, Mr. Knowles, who was counsel on the first cause in the list, applied to his Lordship for permission to dispense with his wig during this very hot weather. It would be a very great convenience to him personally, and he understood also to several of his learned friends, if the permission could be accorded.—The Lord Chief Baron: Certainly, in permanently hot countries where the English law is administered both the judges and the bar dispense with wigs.—Mr. Knowles: I am afraid, my Lord, we cannot call this a permanently hot country; all we can say is, that it is excessively hot just at present. The Lord Chief Baron: If you can say, Mr. Knowles, that wearing your wig gives you a headache, or causes you any serious inconvenience.—Mr. Knowles: Sir, I am afraid I cannot put it so high as that, but only as a matter of inconvenience. Perhaps your Lordship will consult the other learned judges. (Laughter.)—The Lord Chief Baron: I certainly might do that in the course of the day.—Mr. Sergeant Shee: Perhaps the best thing, then, is for us to dispense with our wigs now, and your Lordship may, at the close of the day, report the result of your conference with the other learned judges.—Mr. Knowles, however took nothing by his motion, for wigs, despite the intense heat, still continue to be worn. It is, we believe, among the traditions of the bar that once, on a similar application, Sir William Follett was permitted to address the Court without his wig.



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*  
By SAMUEL BAILEY. Second Series. London:  
Longmans.

THE only independent and original English philosophy is the Baconian philosophy. A truly English philosophy of a more spiritual character may yet arise; but it gives so far small signs of appearing. Essentially synthetic, the English genius becomes barrenly, childishly, pedantically analytic, whenever it ventures into the metaphysical domain. Each new book by an English author on a metaphysical subject can boast of being more aridly analytical than its predecessor. It is the main feature of German metaphysics, on the contrary, to be inspired by a potent and prolific synthesis, and by that alone. Hence, though German metaphysical writers often lose themselves in the abstract and the fantastic, they seldom leave us without a grand and fruitful conception of the universe. Can we say aught like this of Mr. Bailey, acute and ingenious as a thinker, and lucid and lively as expositor and as critic though he be? What new glory has he revealed to us? To what new height has he enabled us to climb? What feast from the invisible land has he offered to our hungry hearts? What yearning for the invisible God has he awakened? What sublime dream of ideal perfection has he flashed on our brain? These are no captious questions. But we are weary, very weary of the small dexterities of debate where we pant for divinest colours, divinest forms, and divinest voices. The Apostle did not denounce philosophy as such—he denounced philosophy falsely so called; and can it be anathematised in terms too scornful or too fierce? In England it meets us as a shallowness in phrenology, as a leprosy in positivism, as dreary drivelling analysis in psychology. Our war then is with all these; our war at present is especially with the last, as it is the last of which Mr. Bailey discourses. The ground we take in opposition to psychology, and for which we have fought battle after battle, is, that we can study the individual as a portion of a larger unity, but that it is illusory, frivolous, and sterile to study fragments of the individual. In metaphysics we deal with no dead or shadowy thing; we deal with living organisms in the vastest living organism; we deal with them in their relation to the unseen. Psychology, which is a grinding of old tombstones into the minutest powder, has nothing therefore to do with metaphysics. In strictest speech and in strictest fact alike the metaphysical is that which lies behind the veil of nature. Instead, therefore, of making us dwell as morbid anatomists on our puny selves, it is for ever carrying us away into the higher life, and this is its signal and sublime service. Sphere beyond sphere we ascend, till words fail us to utter our ecstasy of contemplation. Now the psychologists, always grovelling on the earth, always dabbling among rotten bones, decry those aspirations they have never felt. Nothing is to their taste except the putrid prose of their own microscopic existence. The infinite which environs this pitiful span of theirs they curse as mysticism, as if it were not mystery which converts universal being from a mere common mass into the temple of Deity. The utmost merit which we can allow to such a production as the one before us is that it may possibly help to teach accuracy in the use of words. But this, even though deserved, may be doubtful praise. The French language has succeeded so completely in attaining clearness and correctness as to have become the very poorest language in the world. It has been so polished by grammarians, that we seek in it, and find not, the muscle, the massiveness, and the majesty of our illustrious English tongue. What is the quarrel of a psychologist with all the psychologists who have gone before him? That they have employed one word while he in his wisdom would have preferred another. And so the juggle and the jargon go on from generation to generation. Psychology might in general be described as grammar made dull. Locke is the chief model of dullness; and if the psychologists can be as dull as Locke, then they are satisfied. Mr. Bailey has not a natural faculty for dullness; but he does his best to achieve dullness notwithstanding. As if he distrusted himself, however, he some-

times introduces the dullness of others; for instance, he quotes from a Mr. Tagart, a *dilettante* scribbler on psychology, whose natural faculty for dullness is immense and unquestionable, the extremely impertinent saying that "Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind" is a very shallow and feeble performance. Now, whatever we may think of Reid, we must admit that he belongs to the few who have rendered psychology interesting; and so Jouffroy, and many more, whom we consider rather better judges than Mr. Tagart, have deemed. Though political economy is so repulsive, yet how much Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" charms us! And, likewise, though psychology is so wearisome, how much we encounter that is attractive and instructive in the pages of Reid. Just because, through his shrewd glance and his robust sound sense, Reid, without reference to psychology, arrived often at what was beautifully and eternally true. Both Stewart and Brown, also, are remarkable and fascinating writers, let the position we assign them as philosophers be lowly or exalted. There are two obvious reasons why Scotch psychologists remind us less of sandy deserts and stony wilds than the mass of English psychologists. Education at schools and universities is far less exclusive, monotonous, and monastic in Scotland than in England. The bond with the nation and with the literature of the nation is never broken as by the English cloistral system. Then the Scotch, though not metaphysicians proper, but only psychologists, yet allow to psychology a tolerably comprehensive range, so that their delineations of human nature are sometimes as faithful and as fresh as if we owed them to some famous poet. The most distinguished of recent Scotch philosophers, Sir William Hamilton, does not delight us with these pleasant gleams: philosophy was to him more completely than perhaps to any one before him a mere science of definitions; yet philosophy really deals with that which cannot be defined. And this constitutes the difference between psychology and ontology. Psychology analyses and defines ever and evermore; ontology uncurtains synthesis on synthesis, and never attempts to define. Hence the psychologist and the ontologist cannot understand each other. What to the former is a problem, to the latter is a fact to be added to a boundless treasure of facts, a victory to be added to a long series of victories. A part of Mr. Bailey's volume is devoted to a refutation of the German philosophy. Now Mr. Bailey plainly labours under a total misapprehension of what German philosophy is. First, because his knowledge of it is scanty and second-hand, gleaned here and there from compilations; and, secondly, because he is a psychologist, and the achievements and discoveries of German philosophy have been mainly ontological. No one who has thoroughly studied German philosophy will speak of it with aught but wonder, gratitude, and reverence. How much, however, do the words "German philosophy," include. Besides its primordial representatives, whose names in England are so much better known than their works, does it not offer us such men as Louis Feuerbach, who would carry materialism and atheism to their ultimates, and Anthony Günther, who would revive, extend, and perfect Cartesianism—offer us types of whatever shape thought has taken from the beginning? How foolish, then, to talk of German philosophy as if it invariably meant one thing, or as if its whole pith could be condensed into half a dozen sentences. But, manifold as German philosophy may be, there is no leading German system with which we are acquainted that inclines to the subdivision of the human faculties. Mr. Bailey is, therefore, manifesting extreme ignorance in attacking it on this ground. German philosophy proclaims unity of substance. Before that unity it would efface all divisions and subdivisions. It would be as just to accuse the Old Testament of favouring polytheism when depicting God's mercy or God's anger, as to accuse German philosophy of breaking up the individual into paltriest parcels when employing such metaphysical terms as reason, consciousness, and many more. The poetic pantheism which transfigures, which transfigures, the grandest metaphysical doctrines in Germany demands extraordinary wealth, and boldness, and vigour of

imagination to feel and to comprehend it. He who possesseth not this imagination had better not approach or pretend to judge the German philosophy. Is it not from want of this imagination that Mr. Bailey finds Fichte to be talking rank nonsense in maintaining that everything which we ascribe to objects, and which is supposed to come to us from them, has first been put by us into those objects by a conclusion? What so true as this? All perception is the transference of ourselves. Transferring ourselves into objects, they are thenceforth but forms of our own individuality. They become real through our ideal. We are their creators. Mr. Bailey and all of his school will call this mystical, whereat we are neither alarmed nor annoyed. We only know that it is what we learned from experience, and not from books—what we believed long before we knew that there were any metaphysical systems in the world. It was but the revival in a young heart of the old Oriental dream, deeper and higher than which no philosophy has yet gone, and of which metempsychosis, so ill understood, is the crowning phantasy. So far from being the deification of matter, it is the deification of the spiritual principle. We dart ourselves, as the spiritual, the vital, everywhere; and only the spiritual, the vital, do we thus everywhere behold—matter, that hideous figment of the psychologists, vanishing away like a guilty thing. The feebleness of Mr. Bailey's book, or rather the feebleness of psychology, is strikingly shown in his remarks on the causation of voluntary action. Beyond the limited region of psychology must we march, if profitably and with catholic breadth we are to discuss the awful question of liberty and necessity. One of the first axioms of ontology is that nature and necessity are identical. This excludes chance, but it does not imply fatalism. The necessity of nature is the inalienable freedom of nature. If we are included in nature's necessity, we are included in nature's inalienable freedom. Nature acts from an internal impulse and not from a foreign pressure, and so do we. As it is we that make objects what they are by transfusion and transfigurement, so it is we that fashion our own destiny by emanation. This is a faith as elevating as it is consoling, while it has none of the stern pride, none of the Titanic rebelliousness, from which in Stoicism mankind shrunk. It is also favourable as no other faith can be to the sense of moral responsibility. We are the architects of our own fortune; we are the inspirers and moulders of our own career; we are our own guardian angels. Practically this is the richest fruit of ontology; for what so degrading or so despairing as that man should be continually asking himself, as psychology continually urges him to ask himself, whether he be a free being or a slave. He is free by the grace of God, which, in metaphysical language, is the perennial plenitude of life from within. Life may often fail from without if we seek it from without; from within it never faileth. We pretend not, in speaking thus, to be the interpreters of German ontology to the exclusion of every other.

Philosophy belongs to no age and no nation; and therefore he who aspires to be a philosopher should be familiar with the philosophers of every nation and of every age. German philosophy is the most magnificent apocalypse of modern thought. But it has striking defects. It is too much mere thought—too much divorced from the actual. It is too fond of disguising commonplaces in labyrinthine phrases. Not seldom, in passing twenty yards into the nebulous, it foolishly fancies that it is soaring farther and farther toward the mystical and the infinite. Though no philosophy is national, yet all philosophy should stupendously influence a country's condition. Philosophy among the Germans, however, has been a hindrance rather than a help. Under it moral vigour has grown feeble, patriotic earnestness cold; it has been the apologist of cowardice and compromise, and the friend of despotism. It must bear no small part of the blame if Austria and Prussia are ignobly selfish, and if the smaller German states are the serfs of the Czar. Life must predominate over thought, if thought is to be a power. Life includes thought, and should be its master, not its servant. Whenever this natural subordination is overthrown, presumption, pedantry, falsehood, fruitless speculation,

enter in. In German philosophy we pant for the Living God, and encounter Supreme Reason instead. But this Supreme Reason, in the most bounteous, suggestive ontological significance thereof, could be in England what it cannot be in Germany—the herald and the path to the Living God. Here we are alive enough, but only in the outward. Our industrialisms are miraculous; but they are of the earth—earthy. We have to be raised to the universal and the unseen, not that we may be more alive, but that we may have a sublimer conception of life. It is true that all national growth must be from a national root, and on a national soil. We cannot appropriate German philosophy—we cannot make it wholly our own. Some very small men have been attempting to plant in England that very small Gospel, positivism; whereto the objection is that positivism, being the final and most idiotic expression of the filthy French sensationalist systems, can have no single aptitude for England's spiritual requirements. It is a foreign pollution, and let us keep it from entering our hearts and homes by a healthy disgust. A foreign thing German philosophy is no less. In spite of our English affinities with the Teutonic element, its foreign character German philosophy will always retain. Our higher philosophy, when a higher philosophy comes, will be a spiritual Baconianism—a Baconian ontology. What, then, can German philosophy chiefly do for us in our approaching spiritual transformations? It can aid us in getting rid of our barren psychologies; it can teach us that metaphysics are synthetic, not analytical. Preposterous is it to aver that Lockeism and its ugly brood are direct descendants of Baconianism.

The intellect of Bacon was perhaps the most, while that of Locke was the least synthetic, that ever England produced. What, therefore, could Bacon and Locke have in common? Nevertheless the Lockeists noisily and incessantly pretend to apply nothing but Baconian principles—which is a charlatanism, unless we choose charitably to consider it a mistake. Whether charlatanism or mistake, the assumption by Lockeism, by our psychologists, of a Baconian mask, has a fatal influence beyond philosophy. It disastrously affects our politics. Without metaphysical synthesis politics can have no creative force. The death of the heroic and of the chivalrous we may lament—and would that the heroic and the chivalrous were to return to our public life! But were they to return, would they not be at a loss what to do? And just because the mind of our legislators, where it has received any culture or discipline at all, has been simply instructed how to analyse. Hence among our politicians and statesmen there is not one who has any energy of synthetic fruitfulness and combination. Normally, political action is the synthetic renewal of a nation's existence. How wholly unlike this is it that by a process of lazy analysis you huddle what you call a bill or measure into shape, or that by a process of malignant analysis you tear it to pieces. This is what has brought our Senate for a season so completely into contempt. We have analysis making or destroying measures; we have also analysis breaking up men into parties, with the formation of which passion and principle have little to do. Gazing forth from the domain of synthetic politics, we are obliged to confess that we do not know what the vague words Liberal and Conservative mean: though we very clearly understand what reform means on the one side, and what obstruction and obscurantism mean on the other. The life of the universe is a long reformation, and why should we pretend to be wiser than the universe? Everything organic tends to corruption and dissolution, and nature is ceaselessly busy in forming again, or reforming. Here, then, we have an infallible guide in all religious, social, and political affairs. Slowly, like nature, we should form again, or reform; and like nature, we should never intermit our labours. But very widely in these days have men departed from nature, and, instead of seeking field and food in great realities, they delude themselves, and delude each other, with empty phrases. You, our most stolid friend, who call yourself a Conservative, would be painfully at a loss to tell us what you would conserve; you, our most glib and shallow brother, who call yourself a Liberal, would be exceedingly puzzled to define Liberalism.

Most stolid friend, most glib and shallow brother, ye are ensnared by rigmorole when ye are not taking part in legerdemain. Rise for a moment above the cant and pedantry of names,

and ye will marvel much that they should ever have had power to fascinate and befool you. If we passed from politics to religion, we should discover analysis as the worker of still more tragical woe. Our churches, like our senate, have suffered from moral causes. But if our churches are no longer loved, no longer puissant and fruitful, flashing with prophetic fire, angelic ministers of mercy, to what except to the withering effects of analysis can we ascribe it? We are resolved, then, to treat all psychological writings as we have treated Mr. Bailey's book: we shall denounce them as crimes against the community no less than as heresies in metaphysics.

ATTICUS.

*Memoirs of Rachel.* By Madame de B—. London: Hurst and Blackett.

(Concluded from p. 310.)

AFTER her return from her short visit to London, Rachel's popularity among her own countrymen grew into an enthusiasm such as few artists have ever succeeded in arousing. No better proof of the strength of this feeling can be found than the fact that a rival, as young and more beautiful than herself, endowed with undoubted talent, supported, moreover, by a powerful clique of partisans, and among them the great Janin himself, disgusted, like many others, at the sordid meanness of the Jewess, failed in opposing for a moment the career of the triumphant *tragédienne*. It was the partial success of this rival, Mlle. Maxime, in *Phèdre*, that induced Rachel to try that extremely difficult part. But it was in "*Marie Stuart*," where the rivals were brought face to face, that the discomfiture of Mlle. Maxime was effected. No doubt the following description of the scene by Madame de B— is highly coloured in favour of the heroine; but it is so far true, that from that time forward no attempt was made to compare the two actresses as equals:

Every time poor Maxime appeared, one portion of the house maintained a disdainful silence; a tacit condemnation which her own few but brave partisans retorted to the full whenever Rachel came on. Both camps anxiously awaited the decisive third act. It amply justified their solicitude. The silence that reigned throughout the house was almost oppressive. Elizabeth (Maxime), pale, disheartened, seeing too well the tide was against her, feeling instinctively she was doomed, knowing her incapacity to resist or escape the impending avalanche, trembled with impotent rage. Every word she uttered revealed the bitterness and grief of her burdened heart. Marie Stuart (Rachel) on her side, passive and motionless, accepted all the withering contumely heaped upon her; with bent head, folded arms, and steady, calm, glittering eye, she waited—waited patiently—but there was something so appalling, so deadly in the look, that a shudder went through the audience; every one felt that the patience was that of the tiger secure of his prey, who has noted the very place where his fangs will be thrust into the quivering flesh of the victim. When, at last, it was her turn to speak, the very ones who had expected the explosion were thunderstruck. No pen can render the frenzied passion, the terrific vehemence, the scorching indignation with which she poured forth her pent-up fury. Her voice, lately so weak and exhausted, strengthened by her imperious will, hurled forth anathemas that fell like sledge-hammers on the crushed Maxime, who, breathless, amazed, terrified, beyond measure, gazed at her with wild eyes. The scene was magnificent, and beggars description. No one could have believed such meaning could be given to the pale, meagre, wishy-washy translation of Le-brun; no one ever suspected the strength, the fire contained in Rachel. Her irritated self-love had developed all her resources; she had attained every perfection save one, the most prized, most valuable—tears.

Of poor Mlle. Maxime, we are told that "she sank at once into insignificance; and although she remained ten years upon the stage, the public never took any especial notice of her. She is now keeping an *hôtel garni*, rue de la Michodière, in Paris. *Phèdre* lets furnished lodgings, with board, if required."

In 1842 Rachel paid a very short visit to England. Her reception was not quite so enthusiastic as before. The novelty of her appearance had worn off; and the attention of the London public was somewhat diverted from the great *tragédienne* by the presence among them of two comic favourites from the other side of the Channel—Bouffé and Déjazet. Disgusted with what Madame de B— is pleased to term "the fickleness of the English public," Rachel found a sovereign balm for the slight to her genius in a very profitable tour through Belgium. This speculation answered so well, that we are told

that "twelve nights put more than 30,000 francs in the pocket of the celebrated actress."

In 1844 Rachel attained her majority, and lost no time in freeing herself from "the paternal gripe that had hitherto been fastened on her earnings." This was not to be wondered at; but her conduct to her family was none the less liberal because she took that prudent step. It is a well-known feature in the Jewish character, that in proportion as they are graspingly avaricious and meanly parsimonious in their dealings with the rest of the world, so are they liberal, even to profuseness, among themselves, and especially towards their own families. We suppose that this arises from their old division into tribes, and from the peculiar manner in which they have been kept apart from the rest of the world. At any rate, Rachel possessed the feeling in an extraordinary degree, and constantly manifested it in her dealings with her family. When she set up her household apart from her parents, she left them all the furniture which belonged to herself, and gave her father a pension of 12,000 francs per annum, and her mother one of 4000 francs, for her own private use. "These sums," says Madame de B—, "were paid yearly with great regularity." To all the other members of the family she was equally kind. Sarah's pockets were frequently replenished and her debts discharged by Rachel's purse; and her brother Raphael Felix was the constant and never-satisfied recipient of her bounty. Afterwards, when her starring tours became organised into a system, Rachel insisted upon forcing Raphael and the other members of the family upon the public; and although he was intolerable as an actor, and was without the slightest pretensions to talent of any kind, his name appeared in all the contracts for a good round sum. It is but fair to admit that this kindness was in some measure repaid by a devotion which sometimes manifested itself in a peculiar manner:

All the Felixes have been accustomed to look to Rachel, and with good reason, as their mainstay and support. They repay and keep up the flow of generosity by a continual adoration of the idol that sometimes takes the most ludicrous forms. When she plays, the mother and sisters go off into ecstasies of delight, clapping their hands, crying out, *Brava! bravissima!—vociferating*, "Was ever the like seen! She is an angel! Adorable! divine!" &c., and ending the farce by throwing their ready-prepared bouquets on the stage. It requires the really extraordinary talent of Rachel to make managers tolerate these silly scenes.

From what has been said, it will be gathered that Madame de B—'s volumes consist of a sort of diary of her performances, arranged with more or less chronological accuracy, seasoned with anecdotes illustrative of her curious idiosyncrasy. As it would be tedious and unnecessary to follow the former, we shall do nothing more than quote a few of the more amusing among the latter, and pass on to the closing events of her career:

#### RACHEL AND THE PINEAPPLE.

Having occasion to give a dinner to a number of eminent personages, she ordered her dessert at Chevet's. Among the expensive hothouse fruit selected was a pineapple. At this epoch (1848) so few dinners were given, that it was scarcely worth while to import this tropical fruit; it was consequently rare and dear. Rather than give the exorbitant price asked (70 francs) for the one she desired should form the pinnacle of her pyramidal dessert, yet unwilling to give up the pleasure of seeing it admired there, she chose a compromise and hired it. Unfortunately, she had been accompanied to Chevet's by a mischievous friend, who, at dessert, wickedly suggested to one of the noble guests the cutting of the ornamental summit. As the duke inserted the knife into the sacred fruit, the hostess, losing all command of her feelings, uttered a piercing shriek. "Was the heart of Mlle. Rachel hidden in that pine?" queried a well-known poet. Nothing could restore the good humour of the *tragédienne*. She had not hesitated to give a dinner that cost her 1200 francs. She was wretched at having been disappointed in her scheme to save 70 francs.

#### A SILVER BATH.

Shortly after she had attained her majority, she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive 3000 francs. On the day after the performance the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time gold was not the common medium of circulation it has since become, and payments, even of large sums, were often made in silver. Rachel was recently emancipated from the parental trammels, she had never had in her own possession anything like this amount. At sight of this box, full of five franc pieces, this quantity of money, all hers, her eyes dilated and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold; to use her own words, worthy of an actress accustomed to a tragic



style, she felt the ferocious joy of an animal that has the long wished-for prey within its clutches. There was no childish exultation, no outward delight, none of the exultant pride of the girl who has by her own exertions earned a large sum, no feminine feelings of pleasant anticipation of the many pretty fancies this sum could gratify—no, it was a quiet, inward, savage enjoyment of the money itself, independent of all associations generally connected with it. She ordered the box to be placed before her by her bedside, and, plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver about.

The story about the guitar has been so generally quoted that we merely allude to it, in order to note that it explodes the anecdote which has been circulated to the prejudice of her heirs, that they had the ingratitude to sell the guitar with which she had gained a precarious livelihood about the streets. It is a curious example of the spirit in which these memoirs are written, that, after regaling her readers with a heap of these and similar scandals, swept up from under every tea-table and out of the corners of every green-room in Paris, Madame de B—— should burst out with—

Yet with all her faults, it will be long perhaps before Nature will gift another of her children as richly as she has Rachel, and unite in one being her genius, her intuitive conception of the sublime and the beautiful, her extraordinary power of expressing what she so perfectly conceives, her grand pagan qualities, her Greek, statue-like figure, her majesty of brow and attitude, her quiet dignity of manner. If we lose her we may well say: *There is a great spirit gone.*

The last sentence is a convincing proof of what appears everywhere in the book, that it was written during the lifetime of Rachel, for the purpose doubtless of forestalling rival memoir writers upon the event of her foreseen death.

The important aid which Rachel rendered to the Provisional Government of 1848 by her effective recital of "La Marseillaise" is too well known to be passed over. Although it was but one in a series of events from one end to the other theatrical, it stands forth conspicuous above the rest through the consummate skill of the actress. Madame de B——'s description is, of course, highly coloured, but it will pass muster for fine writing with many.

Having laid aside the peplum of Camille, she appeared between the acts attired in a long and very full white muslin dress; she wore no ornament in her dark hair; in her right hand she held the tri-coloured flag. Never had her features, well suited and accustomed as they were to a tragic look, worn so terrible an expression as they did at that moment. As she came on towards the footlights, with a slow majestic tread, an undefined sensation of fear thrilled the audience, even before she had uttered a word. The countenance was of a livid hue, the eyebrows, swerving from their finely-drawn lines, wreathed like small serpents over the dark eye, glowing in its blood-red orbit with a strange wild fire, telling a bitter tale of past wrong and of present revolt, of long-cherished, unquenchable hatred, of fierce, pitiless revenge; the lips were pregnant with unuttered maledictions; the nostrils, passionately dilated, seemed, like those of the war-horse, to scent from afar the carnage of the battlefield. The whole figure in its terrific grace, its sinister beauty, was a magnificent representation of the implacable Nemesis of antiquity, and struck every heart with terror and admiration. Raising her arm with a motion which, throwing back the wide sleeve, left it bare to the shoulder, she commenced the hymn:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie."

She did not sing, she did not declaim, she uttered it somewhat after the fashion of the ancient melopoeia, something between a chant and a recitation, to which her tones, at times sharp and harsh, at others hard and metallic, and then again deep and cavernous, like distant thunder, gave extraordinary effect. Her attitudes, her gestures, the motions of her head, all expressed admirably the sense of each stanza. The brow, at one moment bowed with shame and grief at the recollection of the woes and miseries she spoke, at another proudly raised as though it had just thrown off the yoke of the oppressor, the foot spurning the enslaved earth, the nerves quivering beneath the intensity of fixed resolution, all betrayed a deadly thirst for vengeance. As a *finale* to this splendid piece of mummery, the inimitable artist, apparently overcome by her patriotic feelings, sank on her knees, clapping to her heart the banner, the folds of which fell around her statueque figure in the most picturesque manner; then rising abruptly, she waved the flag with the cry of "Aux armes, citoyens!" &c., to which the spectators, nearly crazed with excitement, responded with the most prolonged and deafening applause.

We pass over the disputes between Mlle. Rachel and the Théâtre Français and with M. Legouvé. The former was the natural consequence of her avarice, combined with her appre-

ciation of her own value to the establishment. Feeling sure that she was the lion, she was resolved to have the lion's share. In the dispute with the amiable and accomplished author of "Medée," she was altogether in the wrong, although in England we find it difficult to understand the policy of a law which will compel an actress to perform a part which she has accepted, or pay damages to the author.

It was in 1855 that Rachael first felt the histrionic throne, which up to that time she had filled so royally, totter beneath her. The coming to Paris of Adelaide Ristori was beyond all doubt the event which first opened Rachel's eyes to the unpleasant fact that she was not without a rival, and perhaps a superior. To any woman in such a position, even were she less greedy both of money and admiration than Rachel, such a discovery must have been almost insupportable,—to Rachel it was death. But the worst feature of the calamity was that it could not be doubted. This terrible rival was not the creature of a faction of malcontents, dissatisfied with the rule of the legitimate sovereign of the stage, and resolved to set up a pretender in her stead. In such a rival there could have been little to dread; for in the end the public would have decided the matter, and the crown must have returned to its proper owner. But here Rachel herself decided that she was at least equalled; she paid Ristori the involuntary tribute of jealousy. When she first beheld this great actress upon the stage her conduct was characteristic of her nature. Myrrha was the part in which Madame Ristori made the greatest impression upon the Paris public—a triumph of art which our prudery, which will tolerate a "Pericles," and even a "Traviata," prevents London audiences from enjoying; and it was in this that Rachel first saw her. Madame de B—— relates that "during the tragedy she had steadfastly gazed at Myrrha with mute, concentrated attention, but without giving the slightest token of approval." But she might have added that when the curtain fell the Queen of the Théâtre Français paid the new comer the additional tribute of indulging in a fit of hysterics. Determined, however, not to succumb without a struggle, Rachel, who had refused to play any more that season, sent a note that very evening to M. Arsène Houssaye, desiring him to put "Camille" in the bills for performance on the following night. And when Ristori, in her turn, became the auditor, and Rachel the actress, how different was the conduct of the generous, warm-hearted, true daughter of genius from that of the cold, calculating, selfish Jewess. "Her approbation was not silent; it was openly and exceedingly enthusiastic, bestowed with all the Italian *fougue*. She took her glass from her eye only to applaud, and ceased to applaud only to take it up again and resume her admiring gaze." The struggle was too much for Rachel, and her trip to America, which had long been in contemplation, was doubtless hastened in order that she might remove herself from influences so galling and so discouraging to her vanity.

At this place something might be said by way of comparison between the relative merits of Rachel and Ristori, something of the schools which they respectively represent; but, as that is a subject too large to be made the episode upon a review of Madame de B——'s book, we shall take another opportunity of dealing with it.

The American trip was, as our readers will remember, somewhat of a failure when gauged by the extravagant expectations which the Felix family had built upon it. The whole tribe of them accompanied their great sister; there was Sarah, Leah, Dinah, and the inevitable Raphael. The whole story of the expedition, as told by Madame de B——, is a curious exhibition of the grasping nature of these good folks. The pecuniary results were, after all, not so bad; for Rachel remitted to Europe, as her own individual share, a sum of 300,000 francs. This, however, did not satisfy her by any means, for she had calculated upon getting a sum of money at least equal to that which Jenny Lind gained by her American tour.

It was in America that the accident happened which developed the latent seeds of the disease which finally carried her off. She caught a severe cold, and in her eagerness after money refused the advice of her physicians, who prescribed rest and quiet. The result was, that she returned to Europe with all the symptoms of a developed consumption. And now she deemed no sacrifice too great for the recovery of her lost health. She goes everywhere in search of it—to

Egypt, to Montpellier, finally to a villa near Cannel, where the closing scene took place. We forbear to quote the description of that event with which Madame de B—— has favoured her readers. It is as highly coloured and more improbable than anything else in a book which is filled with exaggerations and misrepresentations, for we must declare our utter disbelief in the veracity of a picture which represents Rachel making the ending of a saint. Her interview with a *quondam* admirer a short time before her death is much more like the truth.

Prince Napoleon, when at Marseilles, made an excursion to Cannel and visited the poor invalid, who was deeply moved by this proof of his Imperial Highness's kind remembrance. She could no longer sit up, but the wish to appear to advantage still ruled the heart whose beats were numbered. To receive the visit with which she was to be honoured she had caused herself to be dressed in an elegant quilted white silk *peignoir*; a profusion of rich lace concealed the emaciated neck and wrists, and a pretty morning cap shaded the pale cheeks.

As soon as Rachel was dead, her heirs, according to the directions of her will, offered all her goods and chattels for sale. Even in this act, the same spirit of puffery and money-getting which had animated all their proceedings did not desert this interesting family:

Great ingenuity was exerted in order to make the most of the prestige attached to everything that had belonged to Rachel. Every article was classed, and a number of catalogues were distributed all over the country. The sale was pompously announced, and private and public exhibition-days appointed, with all the ceremonial of *sergents de ville* to guard the treasures and *cicerones* to explain them.

So far there was nothing very objectionable in the exhibition. It was probably necessary that the plate, jewels, and other articles should be sold in order to make a division of the property in accordance with the will of the deceased. But it really seemed unnecessary as well as grossly indelicate to make a public exhibition and sale of the personal linen of the *tragic-dienne*. If the family could not make some arrangement among themselves with regard to such articles, they might at least have been more privately disposed of. The whole stock—and it was a larger one than many ready-made linen warehouses contain—together with the dresses, shawls, and laces, was set down in a separate catalogue, and displayed in the bed-chamber. The petticoats of Adrienne Lecouvreur and the hose of Marie Stuart were to be knocked down to the highest bidder, as well as the peplum of Camille and mantle of Phédre.

And so they parted their garments among them, even as Madame de B—— has divided her reputation, leaving us in doubt whether to admire most the magnificent qualities of Rachel as an artist, or to feel disgusted at her demerits as a woman.

*The Life and Times of Dante.* By R. DE VERICOUR, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the Queen's University, Ireland. London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

We have here another offering from an ardent admirer of Dante.

Since the commencement of the nineteenth century there have been published forty different editions of the "Divina Commedia," and upwards of eighty commentaries in the Italian language alone, exclusive of the many translations into German, English, &c.—and this though Dante cannot properly be called a popular poet. He is, indeed, peculiarly the poet of the scholar, and to accurately understand his masterpiece, the "Divina Commedia," requires a correspondingly accurate knowledge of the age and country in which its great author lived. Something, too, of the difficulty of this great poem must be ascribed to the changes inevitable in a living language during a period of more than five centuries. However, thoroughly to appreciate those magic verses, which have been at once the delight and despair of toiling commentators and translators, is a task far beyond the powers of *dilettanti* students of Italian; it is, indeed, beyond the powers of most save those who have made that language their especial study. The author of the book before us is, as we have said, an ardent admirer of Dante; and, we must admit, he seems to have a right to speak with some authority as to the poet's merits. Dante is to him a *poeta poetarum*, nay, even Homer, Shakspere, and Milton, are but quoted to show some superior excellence in his darling bard. Yet, while we cannot arraign the verdict which places Dante in the very foremost rank of poets, we can scarcely assent to the opinion which the Professor entertains for him as

a man. To the author of this book Dante is not only the most admirable of poets, but the most faultless of created beings. We know, indeed, that we must not measure the "genus irritabile vates" by the rules applied to every-day mortals; but we see no reason for trying to exalt the perfect poet into the perfect man. Dante was no better and no worse than the majority of his contemporaries; and his naturally imperious temper was too often lashed into extravagant fury, by circumstances perhaps incidental to the evil days on which he had fallen. He does not appear to have lived happily with his wife—a not uncommon incident in the lives of great poets; and of the excessive irritability of his temper some amusing anecdotes are related in the fourth chapter. Professor de Vericour says, "No doubt his habits of contemplation and metaphysical felicity did not allow much room for that which is usually understood by domestic happiness;" though we apprehend that metaphysics, in themselves, do not necessarily engender domestic strife, as we cannot help remembering that perhaps the first of modern metaphysicians was remarkable for the kindness and domesticity of his character. With regard to Dante's having never mentioned his wife, the Professor suggests that his silence was in accordance with the manners of the age in which he lived, and that he might, moreover, have felt a repugnance to associating an earthly, profane remembrance with his poetical ideal.

It will be impossible, within the narrow limits of this paper, to give any but the faintest outline of the poet's life. Those who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of the life and times of Dante we can refer to no better book than the one before us. The connection of the feuds and factions of Florence, or rather Italy, with Dante's poems, has given an interest to those times which politically they scarcely deserve, and doubtless has added considerably to the difficulty of his works; but it is perhaps not going too far to say, that it is owing to those very feuds that Dante was a poet. Exempted from his fiery trials, he would probably have exhausted his genius in furtive poetical pieces and brilliant essays; and the rival of Homer and Shakspeare would perhaps have scarcely borne comparison with Petrarch.

Dante was born in the year 1265. He was the son of a judge of the family of the Alighieri, by his second wife; and, as in the mythological ages personages of after celebrity were usually supposed to be ushered into life by some prodigy or vision, so we find that Dante's mother had hers, portending the future fame of her great son. He was born at Florence, where he received his early education, and we are told that he early mastered the "Tresor," the learned compilation of his master, Brunetto Latini. The "Tresor," as we are informed, is a sort of encyclopedia or universal dictionary: it treats of sacred, profane, and natural history; of geography, astronomy, and the science of government: its sources are from Aristotle, Plato, Terence, Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Pliny, and St. Bernard. It was probably as dull a work as most such compilations; but the curious may satisfy themselves on this point, as there are no less than twelve manuscript copies still extant in Paris. Two at least of these authors, viz., Plato and Aristotle, exercised great influence on the mind of Dante; his great classical favourite appears to be one not mentioned in this list, Virgil. The two former writers, however, he probably studied by the aid of a translation only, as he appears to have been unacquainted with Greek, or at least with Greek sufficient to read such difficult authors in the original. Dante beautifully describes in the "Vita Nuova" his first meeting with Beatrice, then a child, between eight and nine years old, he himself being but a few months her senior. It was not till nine years afterwards that he published his first sonnet, on the occasion of his meeting Beatrice in some public place, apparently a street: he tells how she was dressed in white, and stood between two ladies older than herself. It was then that she bowed to him for the first time with exquisite grace, and then for the first time he felt that he was a poet. This sonnet was followed by a number of other poetical compositions, in all of which are found allusions to Beatrice. Notwithstanding, the lady married another in 1287, a knight named Simon de Bardi. Her death followed in 1290. It was probably fortunate for the fame of Beatrice that she did not become the wife of Dante. Husbands rarely deify their own wives; and it is quite possible that had Dante married Beatrice,

her memory, instead of being ennobled to all time in the "Divina Commedia," would, like Petrarch's Laura, have survived but in a few sonnets. Some years previous to Beatrice's death, Dante had commenced a Latin poem with the intention of entitling it "Hell." He was, as we have said, a warm admirer of Virgil; but had he confined himself to the composition of Latin verse, he would probably have scarcely rivalled that fifth-rate poet, Silius Italicus, whose verses read like a cento of Virgil. It must, however, be remembered that, up to Dante's time, he was scarcely considered worthy of the name of poet in Italy, who composed in the vernacular language; and Dante was the first who, writing in Italian, won the laurel crown hitherto reserved for Latin poetasters.

The political life of Dante we shall not touch on: to do so, indeed, would require us to give a sketch of the history of the Italy of that time; but we can refer our readers to the work before us for an admirable account of mediæval Italy. Nor shall we now notice Dante's earlier works. Enthusiastic admirers of the poet have indeed made the discovery that these works were, so to speak, the prelude and preparation for his great poem, and that they must be read by all who wish thoroughly to understand it. Professor de Vericour says they were not generally appreciated by his countrymen, and we doubt whether they are much read now, save by scholars. In two extant lists of the proscribed still figures the name of Dante Alighieri—in the first list sentenced to a heavy fine and banishment, for alleged corruptions and other crimes; in the second, made public two months afterwards, condemned for contumacy to be burned alive, if ever he fell into the hands of the Republic. Of his subsequent history we know comparatively little. He soon, from disgust and despair, ceased to co-operate with the expelled party in the vain effort of effecting a return to Florence by force. For nineteen years, until his death, he was a wanderer and a fugitive from his country. Probably to this circumstance we chiefly owe the many allusions to scenes of travel which are so thickly scattered throughout the "Divina Commedia," whether we have the mountain gorge, shrouded in mist or clad in wintry snow, closely painted from some pass of the Alps or Apennines; or the ship slowly backing out of the harbour, the diver loosening the fouled anchor, or the exile taking his last farewell of the shore. Dante never returned to Florence; and rumour tells us, somewhat doubtfully, that he visited Paris, and even Oxford. We know, however, but little of his wanderings until we find him at Ravenna, at length a cherished guest. There he died, on the 14th of September 1321; and there he still rests, in a small solitary chapel, built by Venetian hands. Florence, indeed, laid claim to the bones of her most famous son, but, rightly we think, had not her claim allowed. We quote Boccaccio's description of the poet's personal appearance: "Dante was of middle height, with a slight stoop when he attained a mature age. His demeanour was noble, with an expression of gentleness and benevolence; his face was long, his nose aquiline, the eyes rather large than small, a chin somewhat long, with the under-lip projecting beyond the upper one; his complexion was dark, his beard and hair thick, dark, and curly. The expression of his physiognomy was that of thoughtfulness and melancholy."

Before closing this notice, we must briefly advert to that great work on which the fame of Dante principally rests—that work in which extravagant panegyrist have discovered the germs of all the most important modern discoveries, and the author of which they have not scrupled to prefer to Homer, and for the elucidation of which professorships were founded in more than one great Italian city. Dante is not, and we think, never will be, a popular poet; the subject of his great poem is one one that repels rather than attracts, and, though often relieved by episodes of unparalleled beauty, it is, as a whole, unattractive to most save the scholar. In Dante are to be found but few of those indirect charms which spring from the subtle construction and graceful use of language: he has indeed but little of the *curiosa felicitas verborum* in his poem; he never uses words for their own own sake, but only as they give the clearest and sharpest stamp to that thought which is uppermost in his mind. Hence he is often obscure and abrupt, not seldom even uncouth. But it is not in its details that the "Divina Commedia" is to be judged, but in its complete and perfect unity.

Nowhere else in the whole range of poetry is the balance so evenly held, indicating what man is and what he might be; and though individual poets have doubtless excelled him as exponents of various phases and shades of life, in vast and truthful comprehensiveness Dante has no rival. How difficult then it is to be the interpreter of such a mind as Dante, those best know who have most faithfully studied his great poem. And after all it must be admitted that the extra fastidious reader will in Dante find much that may be reasonably objected to. No great poet ever yet laid himself so open to the charge of grotesqueness and extravagance—a charge which cannot be repelled by instancing the parallel extravagance of the age in which he lived; for other writers, far inferior indeed to Dante in strength and vigour of conception, do not thus equally offend us. In him almost everything is sacrificed to force. So in his poetry we have mystic words intended to represent the incomprehensible song of the blessed; nay, we have ill-sounding barbarisms to express the shouts of demons or the confusion of Babel. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the "Divina Commedia" is in itself an outline of universal history, admirable indeed to those whose knowledge is correspondingly universal, but a sealed book to the mass of readers. Into Dante's spacious gallery are admitted persons of all ages and climes. Nor is there anything incongruous in this mixture. There, each seeming to fill his own place, are met patriarch, apostle, and heathen sage, kings, rulers, philosophers, and poets; nay, the great names even of fable are there—the giants, the centaurs, the heroes of Thebes and Troy; those only are denied an entrance whose mediocrity scarcely distinguishes them from the rest of their fellow mortals. To be famous or infamous gives an equal right of admission; and the neophyte is almost equally awe-struck with the mystic happiness of the former as with the inconceivably horrible punishments of the latter. Within some of those magic spaces, whether termed circles, cornices, or heavens, are to be found the representatives of nearly every age and land, of nearly all history, sacred and profane. In physiology, too, in natural philosophy and medicine, the poet is equally at home; often, doubtless, incorrect, but ever apparently abreast with the foremost of his own age in each branch of knowledge. To the surpassing excellence of many of the passages in the "Divina Commedia" we have already alluded—passages whose beauties no translation can utterly dim, and of which it is not too much to say that they will bear comparison with the very choicest extracts from the greatest poets of ancient or modern times. In conclusion, we can heartily recommend to our readers the book before us; it is evidently a scholar's labour of love, and by far the best introduction in our language to Dante's works that we remember to have seen. We cannot help, however, regretting that it was not further revised after leaving the hands of the author. Frequent violations of idiomatic English are apparent throughout its pages, and passages of great and genuine eloquence are often almost fatally marred by this defect; it is one, however, that can be easily remedied when this book reaches, as we feel pretty confident it will, a second edition.

*The Struggles of a Young Artist: being a Memoir of David C. Gibson.* By A. Brother Artist. London: James Nisbet and Co.

BARRING that matter of the suicide, it is well for Chatterton that he died young. Compilers of picturesque biographical novelettes like Professor Masson, who care more for effect than they do for veracity, would have found a sorry subject in a man who openly repented of the error of the Rowley deception; married three times and had a numerous family; became an alderman of his native city; found refuge and employment in a leather store upon the quays, and a villa with coach-house and stabling in the Clifton suburb; sat under the refreshing snuffle of some gifted local Methodist; withdrew the Satires, and healed the satirised with dinners; and died when eighty-three, and weighing seventeen stone. This would have been a respectable Chatterton—a commonplace Chatterton—a very unproductive Chatterton to those who are seeking for the marvellous and the dramatic; but for one sketch that we have now of the career of the Bristol boy we should then, in all probability, have had a dozen. The floodgates of moral disquisition would have been thrown widely open, and the facts of such a life would have been eagerly seized as material and



text for a hundred sermon-biographies. From this treatment the Chatterton of history at least is free; the pens of such dainty biographers only touching him when they want a warning, and not an example. Not so the late unhappy Mr. David C. Gibson. In addition to being a young painter of some promise, he had the misfortune to be wild at twenty-five and repentant at twenty-seven, and in such a case not even private friendship could close the prying eye and stop the reckless recording pen of the sermon-biographer. For a small book of scarcely two hundred pages small octavo, this memoir has more than its share of the errors and bad taste which deface more ambitious productions of a similar kind. Family details are given that were never meant for the rude gaze of the public eye; letters are published that have no earthly interest, either as literary efforts or as adding to the information already known concerning the highly-gifted being of the biography; fugitive verses are printed for the first time in large quantities—fifty degrees below aristocratic annual or genteel album proof; and specimens of wit and humour are recorded with that fine sense of the ludicrous which is always a distinguished quality of the sermon-biographer. And yet, with all this detail crowded into a limited space, there is a veil of mystery thrown over certain portions of the memoir, that can only excite the curiosity of the readers at the expense of the dead artist. We are darkly told that he was gay and dissipated, and the Haymarket and Drury-lane are also hinted at. The first suggests the opera, and the last the legitimate drama; but the depth of the aching void, and the violence of the soul-agonies, are equal to murder, burglary, and arson, with the habitual use of the knuckle-duster. If it is the syren blandishment of the Casino, and the temptation of an occasional wrenched knocker, that "A Brother Artist" is obscurely alluding to, why not say so like a man, and not leave us to grope our way over ground in the dark, that on one side is sacred to the memory of Mr. Greenacre, and on the other to Jerry Abershaw.

Another and a graver fault we have to find with the book. Its tendency, as far as it goes, is to foster in the follower of art that love of and dependence upon patrons which we fondly—perhaps too fondly—believed to be dying out. Why are we constantly presented with that eternal picture of the struggling child of genius, sometimes faltering despairingly, and flourishing a Micawber razor in a topmost garret, sometimes looking hungrily at the arsenic through the doctor's windows? Why is he always struggling? Why are artists (and we may include literary men) always taught that they are unlike other human beings, following a profession that is incapable of receiving the application of the homely business qualities of industry, regularity, and perseverance?

Until art and literature are regarded as any other ordinary trade, there is little hope for the followers of either profession. The man who works steadily and conscientiously, demanding and obtaining his market-price, although only one of these amusing vagabonds, is not likely to prove a very bad member of society, or to leave his family to be provided for by benevolent comic-singers.

Let us do away with cant. An apprenticeship to watch making is not called a "struggle," and there is no universal whine of indignant pity because a young glass-blower is sometimes compelled to make a dinner of a lump of peas-pudding upon a cabbage leaf. Let us go to work. Inspiration may sometimes be found by commonplace determination, when the electro-plated genius is sitting with his finger upon his temple in the most approved attitude, waiting for the divine influence until the crack of doom.

**Preaching, Prosing and Puseyism.** By FELTHAM BURGHLEY, Author of "Sonnets," and "Sir Edwin Gilderoy." London: Hope.

In a former article we bestowed praise on Mr. Burghley's Sonnets—none of which can be called perfect, but all of which contain beautiful lines and striking thoughts. In the little volume before us he has changed his hand although not checked his pride, and come out as a prose satirist of great vigour. Yet there are far nobler elements than satire in this book. There are solid and varied learning, striking imagery, passages of powerful eloquence and burning invective, a tone of manly English feeling, and a sincere regard for the real interests of the Church of England, as well as for the common cause of Christianity. Burghley

is none of your tiny bardlings of the day, who have nourished their hippocrene on slip-slop, whose reading has rarely extended beyond periodicals and albums, and who know no poetry except that of Keats, Barry Cornwall, and Gerald Massey—he is none of your small wittlings who strain hard to imitate Punch and Dickens—he belongs to a sterner and older school, has prepared himself for the work of an earnest and serious satirist, by the most extensive and recondite reading; and when he reminds us of other authors, it is of such men as South, Thomas Fuller, and Jonathan Swift. Indeed there are many parts of this volume which, in sarcastic force and richness, resemble the "Tale of a Tub;" while others, in strength of style, fertility of figure, and range of learning, are not unworthy of Sir Thomas Browne, Burton or Jeremy Taylor. The antique tastes and predilections of this writer are the more remarkable that he is, we understand, occupied in the routine of a London shop, and must have snatched, with vigilant care, hours for study from the whirl of business. How few in such a position possess the energy and resolution to spend their leisure in grappling with whole libraries—devouring dusty folios by the hundred—and extracting from them matter for the liveliest wit and eloquence—all bearing upon the questions of the day! This is the great merit of our author and of his book. There is nothing ephemeral in it, and yet all has a direct bearing upon the times. The voices of the past are made to ventriloquise sentiments, telling with powerful effect upon the religious controversies of the present.

The first thirteen pages are occupied with a very clever and witty descent upon "Asses," particularly the "Roman breed" of them, as abounding in the churches of England in our present day. This part reminds us exceedingly of some of the admirable digressive chapters in the "Tale of a Tub." From pp. 13 to 84, he passes from the abstract of "Assdom" to the concrete—and gives lively pictures of a number of well-known London preachers of a "certain school," along with specimens of their sermons, and a severe sarcastic commentary of his own. This portion of the book ought to make it exceedingly popular in London. There can be no doubt that Dr. Bumblemore, Primthought, Dr. McAlpin, Gerard Anvers, and Drs. Fiddle and Diddle are drawn from the life, and are doubtless portraits as correct as they are clever, although men residing, like us, in the provinces, cannot verify the resemblance. Take the following picture of Primthought:

Very like the Dutch toy representation of Noah is Primthought as he moves along, taking short fussy steps with those complaisant knees of his, and preserving inviolably the uncompromising perpendicularity of his mackerel spine: red-leaved and crucified prayer-book in hand, speeds he, which, since ordination, he has never been seen without in public. Could he but be induced to sport a wide-awake he would represent the precise Dutch Noah. As it is, he looks yet more Pre-Raphaelite and antediluvian. He is like a black serge bag of bone relics, gathered as a Papistical eye for such curiosities only can gather them, and, by tradition, prove them to be remnants of antediluvian patriarchs, who rode upon Megatheriums, and were the cavalry of Chaos. Primthought's inner man is furnished much as the outward man is caparisoned. He is a modern antique. His ideas are as much a copy of mediæval opinions as a new edition of old Ockham or Aquinas could be, with this difference, that, as Locke says, the brain is but a sheet of white paper. Primthought never had enough of this sort of stationery capacity to receive a complete impression. His head, destitute of the system of the schoolmen, is like a Soulagies collection, a cento of mediæval rubbish—logic without Aristotle—a nothing that occupies warehouse room. He is the *Liber Secretorum* of Albertus Magnus—a tissue of absurdities. But Albertus serves for a milestone on the road of science and marks progress, whilst Primthought stands a symbol of nothing, except it be of the crab's disease, which is the cancer of retrogression.

There are some still better sentences on the same worthy in the next page (21st), which we have not room to quote.

The sermons put by Mr. Burghley into the mouth of the parsons are doubtless characteristic in general, but sometimes we think he caricatures too much, and sometimes too little. One or two of them are nearly as dull as the original must have been. The two cleverest are those by Dr. Fiddle, on the "Spirits in Prison," and by Diddle, on "Penance." The following hit is good and Fuller-like: "The diocesan prayed in Greek,

because that is the original language of the Gospel, and by making use of it he supposed that he should thereby save the angels who conveyed it the trouble of translation."

Throughout the first and satirical portion of this remarkable little book, the author seems repressing with difficulty the poetical spirit that is in him, although sometimes it had burst out in his own despite. But from the 84th page to the close the satirist is sublimated into the indignant orator and poet. With what energy he denounces the "temporizers with holy things—the traitors who feign zeal to work ruin—the hypocrites who play the cuckoo in our nest, and from our golden eggs learn somehow to hatch destruction, and then are heard in the late summer air with hollow double note, on migratory wing, beating their lugubrious way to cursed Babylon."

He has (from page 86 onwards to 98) some excellent remarks on preaching. His notion is, that a vast majority of our preachers were never intended by nature to speak in public at all, and should betake themselves to action instead. He maintains, what is we fear too true, that the "English, as a nation, are by nature the worst rhetoricians and orators in the world. Though our constitution demands, or rather exacts a demand, for a certain amount of public speaking, we can scarcely turn out a tolerable orator once in fifty years, and, to adopt an Hibernian mode of illustration, when we do he is an Irishman." And yet he truly says:

We want somebody to *speak* to us. Blair is the very perfection of Lindley Murray's eloquence; but who ever rose the better from a sermon of Blair's? Tillotson is a fine specimen of a controversialist: if any man could reason you into heaven, I think he might; but when he has arrived at the top of a mountain of inferences, and has risen at every step nearer to heaven, we feel practically as much nearer to getting there as a man would if he purposed in the body to escalate it, after climbing laboriously to the top of the Andes. He never so plain, never so learned, never so rhetorical, never so witty, never so wise, *you must be a poet if you will be a preacher*—not a rhythmical one, perhaps, but an embodiment of truth, certainly—a re-creator of that which you have taken in—and this is to be a poet and a maker.

Yet again he asseverates that the English as a whole cannot preach or speak to the purpose. "Oh! Anglo-Saxon, most excellent of animals, most sinewy and prime of beasts, cattle of infinite work and robust endurance, no matter under what sun; to whom geography is not a science but an art practically trodden out by your own broad foot, in defiance of latitude and longitude; whose home is everywhere, between the equator and the poles; wonderful cosmopolite, most superb human locomotive and residential machine, increasing both in money and children in every spot under the sun! Good Saxon! stolid-brained, bigboned athlete, what put eloquence into your head! You are not (the powers above be praised!) a nation of preachers! Acts are the Evangel committed to you, go forth and preach deeds; Philip of Macedon conquers, whilst Demosthenes perorates."

The style of the above is rather Carlylish, but the sentiment is, on the whole, correct. England has produced few great orators or preachers. Chatham, undoubtedly, and Fox, and Whitfield were hers; but Scotland has bred a Chalmers, an Irving, an Erskine, a McIntosh, half a Macaulay, and half a Brougham; and Ireland is rich in her Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, Philipps, Sheil, and a hundred more. Who, in the recent debate in the Commons most distinguished himself? Was it not Sir Hugh Cairns—an Irishman? And who is at present confessedly the most effective, if not by many degrees the most gifted, of preachers? It is Mr. Caird, late of Errol and now of Glasgow. It is significant, too, although we look upon Dr. Cumming as one of the shallowest and least sincere of thinkers, that he nevertheless exerts such popular power in London; and also that Dr. Guthrie and Norman MacLeod, when they visit the capital, attract such admiration. There is, shall we say? a certain untamed wildness in the blood of provincials—of Scotchmen—Irishmen—of Americans (witness Webster)—and even of Creoles (witness Joseph Gerald and Frederick Douglas) which, when connected with genius or high talent, or even with fluent declamation, carries all before it, and forces many to cry out as Canning did, when he heard Chalmers, "The tartan beats us all." And not only the tartan, but the brogue and the yellow vesture of Erin, the nasal tone of the Yankee, and the dark skin and supple lips of the semi-Negro, have often confounded the high-bred and exquisitely

polished English speaker. Peel himself, when O'Connell got to his altitudes, had sometimes to throw down his pencil and surrender himself to involuntary and resistless admiration. Nor is D'Israeli, as an orator, one whit the worse, but all the better, of the *divine particula aurea*—the spark of Maccabean fire which burns in his veins.

There are noble things in some of Mr. Burghley's later pages—things which, manifestly gushing from his heart, find or force their way instantly into yours. Listen to this at p. 110:—"Behold the deeds of Rome, from the Vaudois in the island of mountains, holy Switzerland, to exposed Bohemia and unprotected Huss and Jerome of Prague. Hear the latterchant his solemn prophecy, as the fire kindled around him seems to convey in death a Pentecostal gift of tongues, 'Centumannis revolutis Deo respondebitis et mihi,'—one century, and ye shall answer this to God and me! And true to his cycle came avenging Luther. His lion spirit quailed as he read the mildewed Bible at Erfurt, and the still monastery was to him as Araby to Paul. But soon he burst forth, 'as when a lion roareth;' his iron cage shattered as though it were of willow rods, and Luther was free. His Theses were posted on the church door of Wittenberg, and that small blow upon the lintel brought the whole fabric down. The tyranny of Rome, that foulest conspiracy of despotism against the spiritual liberty of man's mind, reeled from its seat never to recover its former supremacy, though a thousand fantastical poets, and amongst them our hair-brained nobleman ('Childe Harold,' canto iv., stanza 47th), promise her a repentant Europe. They describe her (stanza 79th),

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,  
the 'Niobe of nations,' a petrification of the tears  
of crocodiles: fit fate, to see stone tears wrung  
from an unhuman heart of adamant. A better  
and a holier poet, prophet and poet too, kindled  
with cherubic fire, and led by wisdom of the  
Seraphim, hath said, Babylon is fallen, is fallen;  
and the hour is not far distant when the ship-  
master shall stand aloof at sea, and watch the  
huge incense-offering mount to Heaven, which  
is the smoke of her burning."

In a softer style, but equally fine, are the closing words of the book. "Let us all take heart, for the world is a temple yet—the green turf, mosaiced with many flowers, is its pavement of surpassing glory—the trees of the forest, are ornaments more lovely wrought than the precious cedar-work of the artificers of Hiram. The birds shall be our harp and psaltery, rebeck and dulcimer; old ocean and the rough wind our organ, with thunder with its diapase; and for the groined roof Heaven's concave, lit with the topaz sun by day, or at night powdered lavishly with gold, as though Creation counted stars for dust. In this proud temple, this catholic dome of high omnipotence, who cares what church may stand or fall, with all its petty paper-separations, schisms, or partitions? It matters not. Here, and in the correspondent heart of man, we have a shrine that, by God's grace and the Scriptures, never shall lack worshippers." We are glad Mr. Burghley has added the words "by God's grace and the Scriptures," for without them Immensity itself were not a much nobler temple than a wax-candle—lighted, and picture-set Puseyite chapel. Nor is there the slightest danger of true worshippers being ever driven back upon Druidism or Nature-worship in any form. The Protestant collapse shall revive, and the Popish inroads be repelled.

Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she bath spilt—  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

And to her shall succeed a grander, simpler, and yet more magnificent as well as more Scriptural, form of faith, obedience, and worship.

Altogether, we have much pleasure in recommending this exceedingly clever, sparkling, learned, and out-spoken brochure to all our readers. Whatever some may think of its sentiments, all competent and candid judges will grant its vigour, earnestness, power, and talent—a power which sometimes approaches the transcendent, and a talent which often overpasses the verge of true genius. APOLLODORUS.

*Country Life in Piedmont.* By ANTONIO GALLENGA, Author of "The History of Piedmont," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

PIEDMONT is surrounded with a halo of romance. Its associations are with the grand, the beautiful, and the luxuriant in nature; snow-capped moun-

tains, delicious valleys, fertile fields, and fat pastures; with a "bold peasantry, its country's pride," picturesquely costumed, simple in tastes, incorrupt in morals, gentle in manners, pious, industrious, frugal, and honest. Of late years the newspapers have added to these virtues a love of liberty, combined with respect for law, and have fondly sought to find in the people a similarity to ourselves, and in their government a reflection of our own.

Such is the picture painted by fancy, and which presents itself to the imaginations of those whose knowledge of Piedmont is limited to books, or possibly to a rapid transit of three days through its most civilised parts. It is thus that novelists delight to describe it; and even tourists, whose duty it should be to tell the very truth, however it may thwart cherished prejudices, are fain to flatter the popular impressions, and throw in the shadows with a partial and hesitating hand. But truth before all things: it is not right to keep up a deception merely because it is pleasant, and the man is entitled to honour who will undertake the pleasing duty of dissipating a dream and substituting for the illusion a stern reality. This M. Gallenga has done, and well done; and, coming from a native who understands the people and is familiar with his subject, who has seen and felt what he describes, his testimony is of far greater worth than that of any summer tourist, or indeed of any stranger, whatever the advantages with which his investigations were pursued.

Mr. Gallenga travelled on foot, substituting an Italian "banditti hat" for the English cap, and thus he made himself at home with the people. The first characteristic which he notes is the unbounded hospitality everywhere to be found. Whether as cause or effect, the inns are "of the most wretched description; hence the eagerness of the people to save the traveller from the miseries of their accommodation."

Curiosity mingles with kindness in their eagerness to see strangers within their doors, and any wayfarer who chooses to make himself agreeable, or who by his manners and habits can break the monotony of their sequestered existence, repays them amply for any comfort it may be their good luck to have in store for him. The cordiality of the Piedmontese never belied itself, so far as I am concerned, at least; and I am at the present moment staying at a house where they "took me in" for one day, and now coolly propose that I should prolong my stay for a month.

But the inhabitants have suffered severely, first from the vine disease, and then by a number of fearful tempests:

All along the picturesque road which they here call "la strada della Serra," from Ivrea to Biella, I have seen hundreds and thousands of magnificent trees, chiefly tall, pine-like walnut trees, torn up by the roots, and crushing vines and maize fields under their weight, the wreck and havoc of the whirlwind and storm I alluded to. Imagine, there is scarcely a house, barn, or church, in the whole territory of Biella, that has not been in need of a completely new roof, every tile of the old one being shattered or fragments by the pitiless hail. There is hardly a garden but has to be altogether re-stocked with new plants, as the few old ones left standing are so scorched and blasted as to allow no hope of recovery.

With all this, the Piedmontese are a cheerful race. They share what they have with the visitor, and all classes vie in the exercise of this virtue of agricultural populations:

A drop left in the glass, or a glass left in the bottle, is considered a sign of ill manners in Piedmont; and the rustic who is invited to drink invariably turns his glass downwards when he has done, to show his entertainer how thoroughly he has acquitted himself of his task. Ten to one, too, the man who has been plying you with wine till he can force no more down your throat, will take you to his neighbour's house, and this latter to another neighbour's; and as every visit is merely a repetition of the same libations, the ushering in of a stranger into a Piedmontese circle becomes tolerably irksome, and may prove somewhat dangerous in the long run. Little will it avail a poor wight to shirk the wine, for then he will be pilled with coffee, liqueurs, &c., and allowed no peace till his host has obtained an answer to his inexorable "What will you take?"

At this time the country is suffering severely from taxation imposed to pay the expenses of the Crimean war. Fearing the effects of the terrible grape disease, the fruit is gathered unripe, and yields very sour wine. But they bear their troubles and privations with a patient dignity that commands respect:

They take you over their fields and gardens and vineyards: they show you the spot where the great cedar, or cypress, or weeping-willow shaded their house—where the arbour threw its cool, impenetrable

shadow over their favourite walk. There is no murmur, no peevish despondency over the loss they have sustained. It is only sad, solemn, patient regret, such as might be felt by one pointing to the dead body or the untimely grave of a beloved person. It is all "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away." It is not because the destruction of their vineyard leaves them poorer by a year's income that they mourn, you would say; it is because that vineyard was part and parcel of their house and home, an object of family love and pride, for the loss of which, wealth never, and time only after long waiting, can make up.

There is much simplicity of manners. "The family" exists there as once in England. The domestics are usually a part of the household, and not, as now with us, a distinct establishment, having distinct interests, and living in a state of almost perpetual warfare. The servant is a humble friend; the master an honoured relative. The behaviour of the women is frank, unsuspicious, and guileless, because there is no thought of wrong:

Unquestionably there is, in the free and easy, naïve, primitive language used before women, and sometimes by the women themselves, in this country—in their readiness, nay anxiety, to call things by their names—enough to startle, and shock, and revolt the more fastidious ears of an English, and still more of an American, lady. Undoubtedly there are things in nature that ought never to be mentioned to ears polite, and the remotest allusion to which should be conveyed in the most adroit and delicate manner, and only in cases of absolute necessity. The Italians are guilty of dwelling with almost especial fondness on topics that were better, and that could be in many instances, let alone.

Here, however, commendation ends. In other respects, in all that is termed civilisation, Piedmont is "nearly two centuries in arrear." The roads are vile, and they have become worse since 1848, the Government having devoted all its energies to the railroads. Near the capital they are worse than in the remoter districts:

Indeed, all round the capital, and quite at its gates, even on the great post-road which, from Mont Cenis, leads to Lombardy, we have nothing better than either a desert or a swamp; dust three feet deep in dry weather—mud hardly fordable after three days of rain. Let no mounted lover of romantic promenades venture ten yards beyond the town avenues, or the Place d'Armes; the big, loose, treacherous stones, with which the people make their roads, will be sure to break the horse's shins and knees, if not the neck of the rider himself. But let us keep to the pattern roads of the Canavese. Imagine that the distance between Castellamonte and Turin is only fifteen Piedmontese, that is, about two-and-twenty English miles. A common stage-coach in England, as the road is a downright level, as smooth as a billiard-table, would run over it in two hours. I have myself walked it in little more than five hours, and, by the bye, the people here never cease wondering at such an astounding feat of pedestrianism. Well, we have two diligences or omnibuses plying daily between this place and the capital, and under favourable circumstances the journey is performed in four and a half or five hours. A little rain or frost in winter, however, or a prolonged drought in summer, accumulate such prodigious depths of mud or dust, as to lengthen out the journey to seven, eight, or even ten hours.

The inns are worse than the roads; and few foreign travellers will endure for a second time their noise, dirt, fleas, and wretched fare:

The most grievous evils to be complained of may be epitomised in noise, dirt, and universal disorder and confusion. There are no bellpops in Italian inns, or only ropes with no bells to them, or only ropes and bells with no waiters to answer them. A chambermaid is an unknown rather than a rare bird in this climate: all the service allotted to her in England or Germany is performed by *camerieri*, or waiters, warranted to do everything, and expected to be in an indefinite number of places at the same time. This substitution of male for female attendants, so derogatory to the dignity of the stronger sex, is also decisive as to the want in these establishments of tidiness, decency, and cleanliness—virtues belonging to feminine instinct; and the popping in of an unwashed, lubberly fellow, to answer a summons from the sanctuary of a well-bred, delicate English lady or young lady, has been sufficient, in more than one instance, to empty a French or Italian house of all its guests, and to set the *Times* or "Murray's Handbook" for ever against it.

The labouring population habitually subsist on food which, if given to English criminals or paupers, would cause an insurrection:

Their *polenta*, or Indian-meal porridge, which would be a substantial and reliable food, becomes distasteful and even unwholesome, by being their constant, almost exclusive nourishment. That whole families will go through the year with scarcely a taste of fresh meat once a fortnight or a month, will



hardly be credited in England; nor will it be easy to conceive how, in a country where in ordinary years the vintage would supply the wants of six times the actual population, the labouring man has often to drink water the winter through, merely from want of vats, casks, and other necessary vessels; all the while the rank grapes are literally rotting on the branches. Their houses, which, although solid and sufficiently spacious, are so dilapidated and squalid as to be scarcely distinguishable from the abode of unclean animals, would yet be good enough in the summer-time for a people, and in a country, where shelter at that season is hardly needed by day or night; but they become worse than useless in the short but cruelly sharp winter months, when the deplorable scarcity of fuel, consequent on the destruction of the woods, drives them from their hearth, and compels them to herd and huddle with the cattle in their stables—their low, noisome, air-tight, suffocating stables—whence they only emerge in the spring, green and yellow from long seclusion and exposure to the miasmas of a mephitic atmosphere.

"Society" in Piedmont is extremely tame, but not much more so than in England. In some respects it has an advantage: there is more freedom.

The Italians have waived all ceremony in their social relations; anything like formal invitation or dressing for a party is now altogether out of the question. Such a lady of title, or such a deputy's or advocate's wife, is said to be "at home" on certain appointed evenings, every week through the season; such another is visible in her salon every evening. I have been in Turin two seasons in succession, and have given one or two of such houses a fair trial. With the exception of grand routs and balls, which are pretty much the same in all countries, and in which anything like rational conversation is hardly practicable, I always met an allowance of five, ten, twenty men to one lady. You see everywhere only the fair mistress of the house and the crowd of her one hundred and one cavaliers. The lord and husband may be at home, or he may be at his café or the casino, or he may have gone to swell the retinue of some other popular beauty; though beauty is hardly the word in these cases, as the ladies who draw the greatest numbers of visitors to their soirées are but seldom distinguished by personal attractions. Some peculiar charm or other there must be about the hostess nevertheless, and it generally consists of tact, good-nature, a certain amount of lively sympathetic friendliness and affability, of great pliability and accommodativeness; all these qualities must be set off by attentiveness and impartiality towards each and all the guests, by the constant display of a ready power of talk, and a corresponding "talent pour le silence." Such women are rare even in Italy, but they seem nevertheless the indigenous product of the soil. It is astonishing to see upon what limited amount of information an Italian woman fits herself for general conversation; all her knowledge, like the ware in a French shopman's window, is on the tip of her blessed tongue; and she knows, better than any of her sisters beyond the Alps, how to turn her interlocutor's knowledge to her own account. Destitute as they are of well-grounded education at school, the Italian women "finish" themselves in their drawing-rooms. They are great hands at picking up bits and scraps, and pumping out anything there may be in their instructor's brains.

In Italy there is no literature. Of the great writers of other countries they are entirely ignorant. Neither men nor women read. The beautiful language of Italy, which ought to refine the speakers of it is itself rendered coarse by their own coarseness.

Step into the opera-house, make your way into any of the boxes, walk into the Place d'Armes, stop near any carriage, nay, go to a court ball, or to Cavour's reunion, join any group, you will see lovely ladies and gay cavaliers, gentle ladies with good blood in their veins, robed in the highest pink of fashion, very mountains of crinoline (they are arrant over-dressers, our Turin beauties)—accost them, and you will hear such uncouth words, such harsh accents, as might in other lands befit a crowd of laundresses and fish-women. I know no country in the world but Italy, where language is not the test of gentle birth, good-breeding, and general polish. A stranger, admitted for the first time into a Turin drawing-room, might feel tempted to think that he is attending a performance of "High Life below Stairs." The company are dressed, and look like ladies and gentlemen; their talk sounds far more uncouth than that of flunkies and Abigail.

To readers who would learn what Piedmont is at this moment, we commend this volume of Mr. Gallenga as by far the most complete and faithful sketch of her that has yet appeared.

*The Six Legends of King Goldenstar.* By the late ANNA BRADSTREET. Smith, Elder, and Co. It is one of Scott's novels—we think it is "The Heart of Midlothian"—a parent is represented as giving with his failing breath the advice to his son to plant trees. The reason for this advice is wise,

and it has the true touch of solemnity. The trees will grow, says the dying man, while we are asleep. Looked upon with a poet's glance, this idea is very beautiful. Beautiful is this idea, not that such trees shoot out leaves and branches to make earth radiant and lovely while we on our pillows are renewing our energies for the coming day, but that they root our names in the earth when for us earth has passed away for ever. In life we feast on old memories as the Israelites in the wilderness feasted on manna. Old memories are the pulse of thought even as they are the pulse of action. Anna Bradstreet has planted trees, and they will grow while she sleeps—alas! she sleeps now the sleep of death. Such trees are her poems, splendid in foliage and beautiful in fruit. Death claimed the gifted authoress, as if only to show how much life was throbbing in her verse. With singular but misapplied modesty, Anna Bradstreet could never be persuaded to publish. Her taste was probably too severe, and so, falling below her ideal, she planted trees which the public were not allowed to see till death drew aside the curtain. The poems we have before us were suggested by some legends collected by the brother of the poetess in India. They are mainly allegorical, and we know nothing of the kind richer or more inventive. The entire pith of the poems and their characterisation may be summed up in a few words by the authoress. She says of her work: "On the idea of a soul wearied under the dominion of the senses, and discontented with its own earthly pursuits, I founded the story of the luxurious and restless King; and on the awakening of such a soul at sight of the beauty of holiness, I based the apparition of 'Lotus-flower.' The soul of man would fain possess itself of this beauty; but she is only obtained on the same conditions with his happiness—and as sensuality rejects these conditions, the lovely apparition eludes its grasp and vanishes." Now on both sides, it may be a question open to considerable argument whether virtue and holiness can be best taught in this way. The motives of the writer were of the noblest kind; and although we believe that the age above all things requires the symbolical, yet we see, from undoubted fact, that it rather turns aside from it. These legends cannot then be popular in the strict sense of the word, although they contain materials out of which a dozen popular poems may be made. The late Anna Bradstreet had really wonderful opulence of language, even if we look no higher for the poet's excellence. It drops from her like jewels, and we are surprised not at its sheen, but at its weighty richness. Were the symbolisms entirely withdrawn, there would be left such a store of natural description as could not fail to place the author in a high position. It was not the flippancy of the rhymers which the late poetess possessed—it was the solid qualities of the harmonist. The first ten stanzas of these *Legends of King Goldenstar* show this. Others may even show it more, but we take these at random. Like the preliminary canter of the highest bred steed which is about to enter the race for some great event—and it was always for some noble aim that Anna Bradstreet started her Pegasus—we mark the elastic step, the swelling vein, and the conscious power which indicate a final triumph. We need hardly say more to recommend these sterling legends, especially if we give the opening stanzas to which we have referred.

One sultry night an Indian king was lying

Beside a glittering fall of waters wild;

Among the closed-up flowers the breeze was dying

As of its own sweet languishment. Fair child

Of darkness and the banished sun, how bright

Wert thou, O moon! on all he saw that night!

Wide glittered all his marble palaces,

With chambers wrought like fairy-work, that stood

Above the solemn curtainage of trees,

Each one of sleep a temple solitude,

From whence, as if among the stars enrolled,

Shot up a thousand twinkling spires of gold.

And on the walls, and on the pavement red,

Where the sculptured basements daintly

Their fretted whitewash joined, were dimly shed

Visions of priceless jewels, which to see

In perfect splendour of the mid-day sun,

How would all India breathlessly have run!

But there were walls piled course on course, so high

The palm-trees scarcely nodded o'er the bound;

And there were tanks, in which the smothered cry

Had bubbled up of rash intruders drowned;

And only birds went over, blameless, bold

And lovely, perching on those spires of gold.

There perched they, there they sang the livelong day,

Hopped on the gilded roofs, and freely went

In at those lattices, where not a ray

Of sunshine spoiled the coolness and content

Of beautiful young queens, like lilies floating

On their still baths, and on that stillness doting.

And when night came, they nestled gloriously  
In nooks of marble carved with quaintest skill,  
All round the cornice and the gallery  
Of every court; or higher, airier still,  
Rocked in the boughs of some tall flowering tree  
That sighed above that beauteous company

When they among the midnight flowers would sleep,  
Or wakeful wandered whither they might please,  
In gardens cool their vigils gay to keep,  
Their spangled gauzes fluttering in the breeze,  
As they, with many a childish sport, would make  
Those birds in their high cradles starting wake.

Ah! then and there, whom sleep could not enthrall—  
The nightingale—sweet watcher of the spring,  
Would hush their chatter with her silver call,  
Long-drawn, with magic art all ears to bring  
Unto that moment when with still heart-notes  
Falls forth her song and on the silence floats.

Then burst again the wanton shrieks of laughter,  
Starting away that music from amid  
The vales of pinks and hyacinths that, after  
The sultry day, in dew and shadow hid  
Their charms between the myrtle-hills, bestowing  
Sweets on the wind that over them was blowing.

The women's voices and the night-bird's song,  
The tinkling waterfalls and leaf-tuned breeze,  
Arm'd watchmen heard the embattled walls along,  
By the deep tanks wherein the towers, and trees,  
And stars, and star-like pinnacles, might seem  
To taunt them with an everlasting dream.

*The New Practice of Magistrates' Courts, including that under the Larceny Summary Jurisdiction Act and the new Appellate Act.* By T. W. SAUNDERS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Recorder of Dartmouth. Second Edition. (London: Law Times Office.)—The early demand for a second edition proves the popularity of this work among the magistracy, for whom it is written. It gives a full and complete description of the entire of the procedure in the courts over which magistrates preside, with the forms required; and this new edition has been enlarged and improved by the introduction of the jurisdictions recently given to these courts, and the proceedings in appeal under the excellent Act of last session. Mr. Saunders adopts the natural order of such a treatise, describing successively the procedure in the courts of petty sessions on summary convictions and orders, informations and complaints; the mode of compelling appearance; the hearing; the judgment, conviction, and order; execution and its incidents. The procedure in indictable offences is next described; then the proceedings under the Juvenile Offenders Act, in articles of the peace, in the courts of special sessions, in the general quarter sessions courts, and in appeal under the old and the new law. It will be seen from this outline of it that this volume is a necessary handbook for magistrates, who will find the careful perusal of it a valuable preparation for the performance of their duties as well as an excellent book of reference.

*A Hand-book of Dorking.* (Dorking: John Rowe. London: Willis and Sotheron.)—It appears that the good old town of Dorking, in the county of Surrey, and which (we must frankly confess) has hitherto been known to us only in connection with certain gallinaceous delicacies, is to be noted for the picturesque beauty of its scenery and the antiquity of its historical associations. The author of this capital little hand-book, moved thereunto by a defiant request from Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, that some one would name a town equal for beauty and cleanliness to Dorking and Guildford, has collected his information with industry, and has certainly used it with taste. The past history, present state, surrounding scenery, and geology of Dorking are all sufficiently handled, and the pages are profusely illustrated by maps and steel engravings remarkably well executed. Like many towns of third-rate importance, Dorking was, at a remote period of history, a place of no small note. Among other reasons for resorting to it we are told that the perch streams in the neighbourhood made it celebrated for a certain delicacy, dear to fish-eaters, and that "the Dutch merchants used to come frequently from London to eat water-souchy, made of them in great perfection here." At any rate, it is now nothing but a quiet and pretty market-town, and (as Mr. Thorne in his "Rambles by Rivers" records) is "famous for its poultry, butter, and other good things." To those who desire a better acquaintance with Dorking, and purpose a ramble on the pretty banks of the Mole, we heartily commend this well-compiled hand-book.

*Practical Swiss Guide.* By AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD. (London: Longmans.)—Less bulky, and consequently more convenient, than any other hand-book of Swiss travel we have yet seen. It contains all that is necessary for the traveller, to which of Sterne's seven classes he may belong. For *milord* there is plenty of information respecting modes of conveyance, and for the independent pedestrian everything that is necessary in the way of routes, inns, &c. Moreover it is cheap, and is small enough to be neatly disposable in the smallest knapsack. This is the third issue—of itself a good proof of recognised merit.

*Naples and King Ferdinand: an Historical and Political Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.* By ELIZABETH DAWBARN. (London: L. Booth.)—A contribution to the already large collection of anti-Bomba literature which has appeared within the last few years. Mrs. Dawbarn is a good hater, and ex-

presses herself with feminine vehemence. This time, it is fortunate that the earnestness is on the right side. The text of the volume is, that "the kingdom of Naples presents, at the present time, a most painful spectacle of tyranny and persecution, of ignorance and superstition, of mutual hatred and distrust between the sovereign and the people." With this in view, she gives a brief sketch of the history of Naples from the time of the Sicilian Vespers, and winds up with an eloquent *plaidoyer* against the Neapolitan Bourbons in general, and Ferdinand II. in particular. Some terrible statistics respecting capital punishments, imprisonments, and exile, conclude the book.

*The History of France from the Conquest of Gaul by the Romans to the Peace of 1856.* By A. B. EDWARDS. (London: G. Routledge and Co.)—Forms part of Messrs. Routledge's "Useful Library." It is written entirely from the popular point of view, and the author is clearly unacquainted with, or has not chosen to avail himself of, some of the more modern lights which have illuminated many dark corners in history. Thus, Henri Quatre is always the *vert galant*, guilty of nothing but "some venial weaknesses;" the first French revolution was nothing but a saturnalia of blood, ungodliness, and lust; the red republicans are the impersonations of everything that is violent and bad; M. de Lamartine was the saviour of France in 1848; and the worst epithet applicable to Napoleon III. is that he is "an ambitious notleman."

*The Excelsior Reading made Easy, or Child's First Book.* By GEORGE VASEY. (London: Fred. Pitman.)—An attempt to teach reading in what may be called the reasoning style, in opposition to the old system of learning by rote. Some of the illustrations are, however, a little far-fetched for young children, as where, in the picture alphabet, we find *Xiphias* (a genus of fish) representing letter X.

*Introduction to English Etymology.* By ROBERT ARMSTRONG and THOMAS ARMSTRONG. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—The object of this excellent manual is the classification of English words according to the languages whence their roots have been derived. It does indeed with English what Mons. Delille's admirable "Manuel Etymologique" does with French. In marshalling the languages the Saxon naturally comes first, then Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Arabic.

*Life Doubled by the Economy of Time.* (London: Houlston and Wright.)—The object of this little volume, which is by the author of "How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds," is to impress the value of time upon the thoughtless and the idle. This old but profitable theme is handled every way, as regards the

improvement of the mind, the body, the estate, and the soul. Precepts are quoted and examples given, and even amusing anecdotes pressed into the service to enliven the sermon and enforce its lessons. The division of the day, according to the diagram on the frontispiece, is eight hours to sleep, four to food, and twelve to exercise, study, and avocations. This differs slightly from the old maxim:

Seven hours to God, to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

The period given up to sleep also seems too long for persons of average strength and in good health.

*The Equalisation of the Poor's Rate of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland proved to be both Equitable and Practicable.* By G. L. HUTCHINSON. (London: Hardwicke.)—Mr. Hutchinson's former labours in this field entitle him to a favourable and respectful hearing. He is in favour of abolishing the Laws of Settlement and Removal, and of equalising the poor's rate throughout the country. This certainly would have the effect of distributing the burden more fairly and equally; for, as the matter at present stands, those parishes are the most heavily taxed which can bear it the least, and have the least to do with the increase of poverty.

*Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1856.* By the Rev. JOHN EDWARDS. New York: Harper and Co.—The travels of an intelligent American in Europe are almost always pleasant, and often very instructive reading. Our Transatlantic brethren see with other eyes than ourselves; they have fewer prejudices to colour their vision; they view men and manners more impartially. A real Englishman compares every other European country with his own, making that the standard of excellence. An American probably does the like; but then he weighs all of Europe, ourselves included, in the same scale, and therefore, although we should hold in small esteem his "notions" of Europe in relation to "the States," he will fairly estimate the European communities in relation to each other. Mr. Edwards is an observant man, who chooses to think for himself, and fearlessly expresses his own opinions.

*A Collection of Problems and Examples in Mathematics, selected from the Jesus College Examination Papers.* By H. H. MORGAN, M.A., Sadlerian and Mathematical Lecturer of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1858.—We can heartily recommend this little work to the heads of the mathematical department in our public schools. The problems and examples are almost entirely original, and, generally speaking, are remarkable for their ingenious application to the various branches of mathematical science. The results of the problems

are also, for the most part, exceedingly neat; and they are not too difficult for public school pupils. The very eminent names of the Cambridge mathematicians mentioned as contributors are indeed in themselves a guarantee for the excellence of this book.

*Royal Rosebuds; or Historical Sketches of Illustrious Children.* (London: J. and C. Mozley.)—A nice little work for children, holding up to them illustrious examples of good behaviour. The "rosebuds" are culled from over a wide field of history; for the first example is that of Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, and the last is Louis of Burgundy, the amiable young grandson of Louis XV., who died at a very tender age.

*My Three Aunts; or, Lowminster.* (London: J. and C. Mozley.)—A pretty tale, by the author of "Long, Long Ago," a story of maidenly self-sacrifice, of one of those lives of bitter martyrdom which are lived so often and borne with so patiently and so silently in this civilised world of ours. Aunt Phoebe is an admirable type of these modern martyrs, gentle, good, uncomplaining, even thankful, to the last.

*A Lost Loe.* By ASHFORD OWEN. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The reprint of this charming little tale in a cheap form cannot but be welcome. To those who have not already made acquaintance with the tale we may say that it inculcates an important lesson as to the evil of long engagements.

*Tales from Blackwood, No. 3.* (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood.)—The third instalment of the collection of tales from "Old Ebony" contains "A Legend of Gibraltar," which appeared in the number for November 1851, and "The Iron Shroud," from that for August 1850. The latter is by William Mudford, and, although doubtless taken from a still more ancient source, is evidently that which supplied Poe with his well-known tale, "The Pit and the Pendulum."

*A Compendium of History from the Creation to the Commencement of the Christian Era.* By A. H. (London: Hamilton and Co.) This little manual is designed for the use of historical classes, and seems fully to perform the promise of its title-page.

*The Welcome Guest.* (Part I.)—We have received the first part, containing five numbers of this new publication. It seems admirably executed, and to be a very great improvement upon the general run of penny publications. The most noticeable among the contents of this number are an excellent translation of Freytag's *Soll und Haben*, which will bear comparison with any of the three which have already appeared, and a capital series of articles illustrative of London Life from the graphic pen of Mr. G. A. Sala, and entitled "Twice Round the Clock."

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC in Paris.—Paris, 23rd June. The library of St. Génévieve, next to the Mazarin, is, at this season, for the student one of the most comfortable in Paris. It has this advantage too, in the officials, that if you can tell your wants they are readily supplied, as far as the means of the library admit. You can study without being jostled, and without having to wait for a place, as in the Imperial Library often. Then if you want a distraction for half-an-hour, you have only to step into the Pantheon, at a stone's throw, or into its quaint old neighbour, the Church of St. Stephen of the Mount, wherein, if you should be piously inclined, you may light, for a sou, a taper at the shrine of St. Génévieve; or, to consult a work of reference, you may stroll into the library of the Sorbonne. As you pass through the quadrangle the buildings will remind you of some of our University structures, and you will think, doubtless, of the terrible doctors of the Sorbonne, whose judgment on theological disputes carried formerly so great weight. The School of Law is close by, and not far off the School of Medicine, where, if you wish to hear the examination of a fast young student, you may enter freely to enjoy, if wickedly inclined, his embarrassment. The grasshopper is not a winter insect, or we should compare to it the law and medical student. They are very gay until the season of the examinations approaches. They have flirted with *bonnes* and *grisettes* in the Luxembourg and La Chaumiére, and now they rush to the ant, the *bouquiniste*, who has been making his harvest in their classics, in order to read up. In short, we are writing in the Latin quarter, which has a physiognomy and history of its own. The physiognomy is fast disappearing. The streets remain named after the respective countries, where the students from England, Scotland, and Ireland had their abodes in former ages, when

they attended the renowned University of Paris. These streets will soon disappear. The Rue des Anglais, the Rue d'Ecosse, and the Rue des Irlandais, are three of the narrowest, dirtiest streets in Paris. The streets will disappear; but the names of our countrymen, who studied in these streets or in their neighbourhood, will remain for ever. But we do not affect this quarter at the present season. We would, if we had our way, inspire a fresher air, and be impressed by odours more aromatic. We should not mind, for example, to be wandering among the fairy scenes of the Pré Catalan, or botanising in the woods of St. Cloud, or gathering cherries at Montmorency. Truly, there are bouquets in books, perfumes in the pages of poets, collations in those of the philosophers, nuts to crack in those of the metaphysicians, and peaches, pears, and dessert wines to drink in those of the romancists; but if we would gather the bouquet from the garden, and for collation fish the trout from the stream, and for dessert steal or honestly purchase the nectarine, and for wine put up with a bottle from Courbois or Argenteuil, should we, according to the laws of human nature, be greatly to blame? What have we to say of books? Not much. The season demands light reading—a book for the grove, a book for the hill-side, a book for the sea-side.

For the grove we should recommend, for the present, a book which treats of a great musician, The Abbé Gœschler has published *Mozart: Vie d'un artiste chrétien au dix-huitième siècle*. This life is composed from his authentic correspondence, and this correspondence has never before been published. From it we learn how Leopold Mozart came to leave Salzburg, where he earned a doubtful existence as leader of the orchestra of the Prince-Archbishop, and by giving lessons in the town on the violin; how, as chapel-master, his income was but

twenty-five florins (about forty-four shillings) a month; how he had a daughter then, named Nanerl, eleven years old, and a son, Wolfgang, who afterwards became famous, then six years old; how the good man strove to bring up this son and daughter in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, with good moral principles instilling into them the principles of art. We read of the struggles and successes, and again of the reverses, of the family. The affection of Leopold for his wife and children is not less marked than the affection of Wolfgang for his father and mother and sister Nanerl. We read how the young prodigy was petted by cardinals, knighted by the Pope, and kissed on the cheek by princesses and led by the hand by princes, and yet he was not spoiled. To father and mother he was a son to the last. A truly Christian spirit breathes in the correspondence of the old violinist, and it is reciprocated by the son. That the latter had not his infirmities of flesh at one or the other period of his career it would be presumptuous to assume. The Abbé Gœschler's work seeks to establish a truth, that a man may be at once a great artist and a good man. The correspondence terminates with the marriage of Wolfgang to Constance Weber, and the marriage was a happy one. The old Leopold made some objections to the match, but he prudently gave way. Wolfgang wrote to his father:—"Constance is an honest, well-bred girl, born of good parents, and I am in condition to earn her bread. We love one another, and desire to be united. What is there to be objected?" We should like to make a few extracts from the correspondence, to exhibit the piety of the father and the filial respect and obedience of Mozart. One passage, however, we cannot resist, as it shows him in the light of a humorist. He was only fourteen when he wrote of a Dominican, great gourmand like many of his brethren:



To-day I wished to mount an ass, for in Italy it is the fashion, and consequently I thought I must try it. We had the honour of being acquainted with a certain Dominican, who passed for a saint. For my part I did not think so, as I saw him breakfast on a good cup of chocolate, and then pass above it a good glassfull of Spanish wine. I have had the advantage of dining along with this saint, who drank bravely during the repast, which he closed by a large glass of strong wine, two good slices of melon, with peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plateful of cakes, whipt cream, and citron. Perhaps all this was done through mortification. I had difficulty, however, in believing it—this would be too much at one time—and then, besides his dinner, he thought very much indeed of his supper.

For sea-side or hill-side, we would recommend a pleasing piece of female biography, by Amédée Rénée, *Vie de Madame de Montmorency*. His recent work, the *Nièces de Mazarin*, has already been favourably noticed in the columns of the *CRITIC*. M. Rénée is an active political writer, editor of the *Constitutionnel* we believe, but who, nevertheless, can find time to devote himself to purely literary pursuits. The Montmorency family have made some considerable figure in the history of France. The subject of the present biography was the wife of Henry de Montmorency, Marshal of France, who was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632 for having caused a revolt, and cousin of Montmorency-Hauteville, who was also beheaded for disobedience. Twice had Richelieu shed Montmorency blood on the scaffold. Madame de Montmorency, an Ursini by birth and a Montmorency by marriage, was one of the great women of the seventeenth century, a loving and faithful wife, an exemplary and Christian widow. She loved her husband, and this was her greatest glory. Whatever his defects as a citizen, and whether or not he merited his fate, he abjured her in his last hour to modify her animosity against his enemies. Persecuted at first on account of her name, and because of her known influence in Languedoc, of which her husband had been governor, she issued from prison to enter into a convent, where she closed her days. She died at peace with all men. She had forgotten all her wrongs; she remembered only her husband. Says M. Rénée: "It was the 5th of June, 1666, that this beautiful soul, the honour of her age, quitted this earth. She desired only silence and forgetfulness. Her vow was heard, for her name has scarcely remained in the memory of men. It is because the world goes always by contrasts. La Vallière has the attraction of her faults to make us love virtue. St. Augustin touches us nearer than other fathers of the Church; it seems that his sanctity attaches itself, and springs rather on the storm of the passions. Among women celebrated by devotion and love, there is none greater than the widow of Montmorency; but her virtue had no shadow, and is buried in her perfection." We are sure this book will please the reader who takes it up. M. Rénée may appear too partial to De Montmorency, and unjust towards Richelieu; but he will never be found fault with for a matchless portrait of a pious and excellent woman.

There are hard-headed gentlemen to whom a useful book never comes amiss, be the season what it may. They belong to our political economists and plodding men. To such we would commend for leisurely reading during the recess a work on Algeria, by Clement Duvernois—*L'Algérie ce qu'elle est—Ce qu'elle doit être*. Our neighbours manifest no small interest in our colonial system, and they behold not without envy our colonial progress. We, on our side, reproach them with being bad colonists. It is but fair to hear what they have effected in their most important colony, Algeria, and what they hope further to effect. Since the conquest by France, Algeria has been the object of a great number of publications; but, with a few exceptions, none of them can be relied upon. M. Duvernois, familiar with Algerian affairs and familiar to the Algerians as a journalist, wishes in the present volume to make us acquainted with the natural resources of the country whose organisation he proposes. We have an account of the soil, the population, of the breed of animals, of the cereals, of the tobacco crops, the cotton and olive crops. Then we have information respecting the producers, regarding public institutions, the Arab government, the European government, Arab property, European property, and regarding the labour market. The final division of his subject is headed *Reforme*—treating of political institutions, government, the sale

of lands, taxes, railways, banks, immigration, agricultural instruction, and other important matters. From the antecedents of M. Duvernois, we do not believe that the hard-headed man will be disappointed in this book.

But here is a book, which, for the present, may not be read by industrious or idle reader. The second edition of the *Mémoires de Lauzun*, with notes and an introduction by M. Lacour, has been seized. These memoirs appeared for the first time under the Restoration in 1821, and the censorship of the period allowed the work to circulate without opposition. The author had suppressed some portions, however, and left in blank the names of living parties. Since then M. Taschereau, superintendent of the Imperial Library, has published in the *Revue Rétrospective* the suppressed passages. The edition which has been seized contains the suppressed passages. With this information, and with the aid of the first edition of the *Mémoires* and the *Revue Rétrospective*, one can readily discover the nature of M. Lacour's transgression. For the present the *Indépendance Belge* is forbidden to come among us. What the transgression of our Belgian contemporary has been we cannot immediately learn. A picture, however, has arrived, which we shall behold with pleasure as a work of art, whatever opinion we may hold as to whether it has been honestly come by. The facts about this picture, as we read them, are simply these. In the church of the Trinity at Rome there stood until recently a "Descent from the Cross," by Daniele Volterra. The picture was bought of the great artist by Helena Orsini, and by her was presented to the church already mentioned. To the great indignation of the Romans, this picture has been claimed by the French Government, which has caused it to be sent to the French Academy, where, we understand, it will have to be submitted to important repairs. For the present, say the Roman journals, "the misfortune is irremediable." The French claim to possession of the picture is founded upon the circumstances that the Church of the Trinity was founded by Louis VIII. of France in 1494, and was repaired by Louis XVIII. in 1816, who ceded it to the Sisters of the *Sacré-Cœur*, reserving, however, to himself the property of it. The church and the pictures in it are hence regarded by the French Government as public property. According to the connoisseurs, the picture in question had no rivals in Rome but the *Transfiguration* of Raphael and the *St. Jerome* of Domenichino.

## ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June 16.

*Archæologic Publications—Cardinal Mai's Greek Bible—The Campana Museums—Pacini's new Opera.*

A DISTINGUISHED archæologist among the Jesuits, now resident here, Raffaele Garrucci, announces as forthcoming from the Roman press a work entitled "Remains of Glass ornamented with Figures, in the Cemeteries of Rome, Illustrated" (*Vetri ornati di Figure, &c.*), his original intention having been, as he informs us in the prospectus, to supply amplification of a work published in 1716 by F. Buonarroti, with explanations and engravings of seventy-two glass fragments found among the Christian antiquities of Rome. In this undertaking he was invited to co-operate with M. Martin, another archæologic writer, and also artist of some note, in whose company he visited every spot where the objects to be described were collected, that reports already published might be verified and added to by their conjoint labours. Death cut short the career of his intelligent companion, leaving Father Garrucci to finish the task alone; and he has now prepared the illustration of 340 glass vases, with engravings from correct copies of the originals, selected from the contents of museums at London, Paris, Avignon, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Pesaro, the whole to be comprised in one volume folio, with forty-two pages of copper-plates by the best Roman engravers. The publication, in five volumes, of the Greek Bible edited by Cardinal Mai, so interesting to all the learned and studious in theology, has lately been made the subject of a clever article in the *Civiltà Cattolica*. It is from a Vatican Code esteemed of antiquity certainly not less than fourteen centuries, and regarded as the careful labour of some Oriental transcriber, probably in Egypt. So long since as 1475 we

have evidence that it was held to be the oldest known MS. of the Sacred Books in this idiom; and it is probably the very code transmitted with the most scrupulous care by Leo X. to the Cardinal Ximenes in Spain, for his assistance in the preparation of his celebrated Polyglot. The Septuagint edited by Cardinal Caraffa, and published by order of Sixtus V. in 1587, was founded principally, though not exclusively, on this, other codes also having been collated for its text. Cardinal Mai first embraced the project of editing the whole work, Old and New Testament, so long since as 1828. His earnest desire to give the publication a faultless completeness led to delays till death interrupted him in the midst of his incessant labours; and the Cardinal Altieri, who was nominated his executor, referred the question to a committee of savans whether this edition, thus carefully prepared, should be published or not. The affirmative decision was soon passed, and the work now appears prefaced by an interesting account of the project, method, and labours in the several stages of its preparation by the Cardinal editor, this being supplied by the pen of a Barnabite father named Vercellone. We are told how, as it was impossible to confide so precious a MS. as the original Vatican Code to the hands of compositors, the Cardinal adopted the plan of sending as copy, for the Old Testament, a good edition of the Sixtine Septuagint (that of 1587), altering in the proofs every page not agreeing with the Vatican Code, and finally undertaking the toilsome task of confronting the whole, every word, accent, and point, in the newly printed sheets with the ancient MS. For supplying the portions wanting in the Vatican Code, he used two other Greek MSS., also highly esteemed, from the same library, called the Codes of the Queen of Sweden, being among the treasures acquired for the Vatican from the collection of the abdicated Christina; and these deficiencies were numerous, for the Code now published as the Bible of Cardinal Mai (by which title it will perhaps be known to posterity) wanted the first part of Genesis to the 27th verse of the 46th chapter, the Psalms intervening from Psalm cv. 27, to cxxxvii. 6; in the New Testament the first fourteen verses of the 9th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the entire Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, and the entire Apocalypse. Professor Spezi, who holds the chair of Greek Literature at the Roman University, rendered assistance to the Cardinal in this toilsome undertaking, for which his name deserves honourable mention.

In the above-named *Civiltà*, the brilliant writer who illustrated Italian revolutions (with ability that entertains rather than impartiality that convinces) in his "Ebreo di Verona," Father Bresciani, is publishing the chapters of another work, belonging, like the former, to the province of historic romance, in which the attempt is once more made (and certainly with much talent) to analyse and invest with ideal interest the story of Gregory VII., Henry IV., and the heroic Matilda—the first time that so grave a subject has been presented to the world from the very metropolis of the Papacy, under the aspects of imaginative narration. A series of anonymous articles, in that same bi-monthly periodical, on Etruscan antiquities, has lately excited interest by the ingenuity with which is supported a theory for substituting Hebrew-Chaldaic and Greek as the basis for a system of interpretation in that language that has so long baffled the researches of learning. The mystic formula *Sathina*, which the Greek system treats as correspondent with *Sarapis*, found on numerous vases, and, among others, on five funeral ones discovered at Bolsena during last year, this writer would render, arguing from its close resemblance to the Hebrew-Chaldaic, *Serapis sedet* (Serapis resides here), explained by reference to a well-known practice of ancient superstition, the hydromancy, which St. Augustine tells us, in his "Civitas Dei," was practised by Numa and Pythagoras, that they might "see in water the images of the gods," and which Varro represented as imported to Rome from Persia. Two of these recently-found Bolsena vases have the head of Silenus, near the handle, with an aperture for the mouth—very probably, it is inferred by this writer, for that mode of divining which consisted in letting water fall drop by drop from a full vessel, as described by Calmet in his comment on Genesis xlv. 5.

The Congregation of Index has condemned one of the works recently published at Florence by a society of distinguished men, founded not long

since with the intention of issuing in a monthly series reproduced or newly-edited documents illustrative of national story, and (as appears the special object) tending to the support of liberal theories in political, and of those opposed to ultramontaniam in ecclesiastical, bearings. The series is styled "Biblioteca Civile Italiana," and the work now reprobated by the Index is an "Apology for the Laws on Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, Administration and Police in Tuscany under the reign of Leopold." More interesting will it be to the general reader to know (if report may be received on evidence) that the intended condemnation by the same authority in Rome of Cousin's "Du Bien, du Vrai, et du Beau," has been suspended, and another careful investigation determined on before the decision for an irrevocable sentence, by the express desire of the Popes. I hear that judgment will be passed by the Criminal Tribunal in the trial of the Marquis Campana a few days before the close of this month; and that the sentence will be unfavourable, even severe, is now scarcely doubted; though, in the anticipation of those acquainted with Roman proceedings, the results may be no worse for that unfortunate gentleman than a confinement with forced labours in the felons' prison, for a certain period, perhaps a year or two, after which the clemency of the Pontiff may (at least such is thought probable) be extended on his behalf, and restore him to liberty on the sole condition of exile. Meantime, this Government having confiscated his precious art collections, the attempt is being

made to raise some profit by opening two of his museums to the public, with admission by paid tickets. One is the beautiful but rather fastidious villa and gardens near the Lateran, formed by the Marquis simply as a place of exhibition, apart from his residence; the other a spacious locality, once occupied by a series of stables, in Via Margutta. No part of the Etruscan antiques are exhibited, but the chief contents of the halls now public are formed by a very numerous set of sculptures, belonging mostly, I believe, to the later Roman periods. Those in Via Margutta fill a range of corridors and rooms hung with green baize, and well lighted from above; one compartment appropriated to imperial busts, another to busts of philosophers and heroes, others to statues, mostly of the heroic sizes, and reliefs—almost all, I should say, copies of inferior, some of very coarse, execution, from originals varying in merit—not certainly all worth being copied or transmitted to posterity in any form. I noticed as among the finest (indeed, almost the only) works of high merit, a profile relief of Antinous, crowned with oak leaves, characterised by a touching and melancholy beauty; heads of Augustus, Livia, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus; a majestic figure of Augustus seated, the upper part nude, with a globe surmounted by Victory in his hand; a colossal Adrian in armour and chlamys; Seneca, a natural and expressive but very ugly statue; and (above all) a relief of the story of Niobe, small in scale and imperfect, including only a few figures of the sons and daughters,

whom we see struck down by Apollo's darts in their mother's presence, but beautiful, pathetic, and grand in style, having that character which (if an unlearned observer may pronounce) pertains to the highest school of antiquity—to the highest, at least, of which I can recollect any examples in the museums of Rome.

On the 24th of last month was produced at the Argentina Theatre the new opera by Pacini, *Il Saltimbanco*, and with decided success—the author, who had come to Rome to superintend the performance, being frequently called for between acts. Pacini is a vigorous septuagenarian, who has maintained his position among the favourite and most fertile composers of opera in Italy, through many strange vicissitudes in musical fashions, many caprices of schools and influences on the lyric stage. At this season the theatres are far less fashionably frequented in Rome than during the winter, but *Il Saltimbanco* has continued to be the almost nightly entertainment, supported by the talents of a prima donna, who is a Scottish lady of estimable character, Miss Kennet, and a few other singers of ability. That lady's reception here, though she has made nothing like a sensation, has been, on the whole, favourable, and her performance, if not enthusiastically, discriminatingly applauded. Two young ladies have excited quite a *furor* at the same house, by their duet playing on the violin—rarely heard, I understand, with such powers of execution from any female artists as from these youthful sisters.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

AMONG the papers read at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was an account of the expedition from Damara Land to the Orampa in search of the River Cunene, in which it was stated that, although the chief object of the expedition had unfortunately been defeated by the hostile feelings of the Damara Chief, yet a lake had been discovered about twenty miles in circumference. Another was a communication from M. de Crespigny on the ascent of the river Limberg in Borneo, showing that the general features of the country are mountainous on the north-west of the island, the hills rising to a height of 2500 feet along the coast.

At the Statistical Society, in a paper on the occupations of the people of England and Wales, it was stated that the agricultural classes amounted to 2,002,000, and the trading classes to two millions and a half. The number of servants in England and Wales was placed at 1,006,000; of these there was a greater proportion in London, Brighton, and other non-manufacturing towns. The average of men and women servants throughout the whole metropolis was 4 per cent. of men, and 26 per cent. of women; but at the west end of the town these proportions were nearly reversed. One remarkable fact was announced, namely, that the entire number of persons in the employment of Government in this country including the army and navy stationed here, and officials of every kind, does not exceed 170,000. In a communication on the statistics of the Russian empire, it appeared that, notwithstanding the large quantity of gold raised from the gold mines in Russia, the balance of trade with the West was in favour of that country, gold being annually imported. Russia exported gold to the East, and received in exchange cotton.

If the purification of the Thames was a mere question of mechanical science, no one doubts but that the work would have been accomplished long ago; it is then only a question of expense. The object is to purify the river from the pollution of the sewage. This should be kept strictly in view. Deodorising and making use of the sewage, however desirable, is a distinct affair, and ought to be left to those who choose to experiment at their own risk; for, after all, any plan proposed of utilisation can only be experimental. When the sewage has been deposited sufficiently far away, then *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. But there is a point connected with the subject which ought not to be overlooked, and that is the supply of water to the metropolis. The river itself is at present the chief source of water supply, and if this is withdrawn, as would be the case on the removal

of the sewage, there would be a deficiency of water which might probably prove a worse evil than its pollution. The science of the day is quite equal to the task, both of purifying the river and supplying the city with water, and one ought not to be attempted without the other.

The maximum reading of the thermometer on the 16th inst., was the highest on record, namely, 94.5°. In 1846, on July 5th, the temperature rose to 93°, and on June 28th, 1857, it was 92.7°. The mean temperature of the day has been exceeded. In the year 1818, on July 24th, it was 79.2°. In 1825, on July 15th, 18th, and 19th, the mean temperatures were 79.1°, 78.2°, and 78.6° respectively; while on Wednesday the 16th inst. it was 76.9°. The reading of the thermometer in the sun during the day was as follows:—at 9 a.m. it was 106.8°, at noon, 115.5°, and at 1 p.m. 117.7°. During last week the mean temperature of the week was 67.7°, being 8.5° above the average of the same week in forty-three years. On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the mean daily temperature was from 13° to 17° in excess of the average.

A paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the subject of the vine disease, states some important facts. The oidium does not spread to any extent except when the temperature is day and night above 68° Fahr. When north winds prevail, or rain lowers the temperature, the disease is stopped, only to recur on the increase of temperature. The same plant is not always subject to the attack, nor at the same time of the year. The action of sulphur is circumscribed, being almost strictly local. Its curative properties have no effect below the temperature of 68° Fahr. Hence the warmth necessary for its action is precisely that which favours the growth of the oidium. A report from the committee appointed to inquire into the results obtained from sulphur during the years 1856 and 1857 in Tuscany, states that, although the oidium appeared to be on the decline, the beneficial effects of sulphur could not be denied. The washing of the grapes, after tying the vines, with 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. of glue dissolved in 100 lbs. of water, with a little clay or flour, had produced very good effects, and laying down the vines so that the grapes should be near the ground was also found advantageous. A curious fact is stated, that the grafting of American vines upon those of Tuscany produces an increase in the quantity of grapes, and the vines are little, if at all, liable to the disease; but there are two drawbacks—the wine-grower loses two years' produce, and the wine, though abundant, is inferior in quality.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Wednesday, June 30.—Society of Arts, 4. Annual general meeting.  
Thursday, July 1.—Zoological, 3.

### ART AND ARTISTS

#### ROSA BONHEUR.

Two of Rosa Bonheur's unrivalled cattle pieces are on exhibition in Bond-street. One of them, entitled "Landais Peasants going to market," presents a subject of the same kind as those with which the fair artist won her first laurels. A long unbroken flat extends as far as the eye can reach, warmly tinted with heather blossom; it is a sort of sea of heather, through which the peasantry wade on stilts: a pair of red-brown oxen drawing a ponderous cart come walking out of the picture. Other groups appear behind, and two stilted peasants form prominent objects. The other picture is a view on a hill side in the Highlands of Scotland; a cluster of little Scotch Kyloes are assembled, in consultation apparently as to the line of march to be taken. Mountains delicately tinted with rose-coloured light make a glorious background. On the whole we prefer this picture of the two. These paintings, however, do not present altogether the care and finish of Mlle. Bonheur's works of ten years ago. An admirable portrait of the artist by Dubufe adds to the attraction of the room.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Department of Science and Art has issued, in the form of an extract from the Lord President's Annual Report, a manifesto of the results of their labours during the past year. It is as follows:—"Summing up the general results of the action of the department during 1857, it has been shown that the desire of the public to use the facilities offered for the study of science and art is greatly on the increase. The museums and exhibitions in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh have been visited by 553,853 persons, being an increase of as many as 186,915 persons on 1856. The visitors to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens in Dublin have been 168,098, showing an increase of 10,222 persons on 1856. The circulating art-museum has been sent to Stourbridge, Worcester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, and 36,024 persons have consulted it. The various schools of science and courses of public scientific lectures have been attended by 10,372 students. The total number of students connected with the schools of art, or under inspection, has been 43,212, being an increase of 25 per cent. on the numbers returned in June 1856; whilst the cost of the State assistance, from being an average of 3l. 2s. 4d. per student in 1851, before the reform of the schools of design, has been reduced to an average of 13s. 1½d. per student, the instruction at the same time having greatly improved, and the means for study largely increased. The success of the removal of the Science and Art Department from Marlborough House to South Kensington has been so signal as to require some special notice of it.



The number of students in the Art Training School at Marlborough House during the session ending February 1856 was 292. The number in the month of last March at South Kensington was 407. The visitors to the Museum in less than ten months have amounted to 439,997 persons, being nearly five times the average numbers annually that attended Marlborough House. The experiment of opening the Museum in the evening has shown that that is the time most convenient to the working classes to attend public museums. Comparing time with time, the numbers have been five times as great in the evening as in the morning. The provision of somewhat increased space has enabled the Department to be useful to all the local schools of art, in the circulation and lending of the articles in the Museum, and the books and prints in the library. These are no longer metropolitan institutions, but are essentially national in their influence. The South Kensington Museum is the storehouse of the United Kingdom, and every school of art is privileged to borrow from it any article that is safely portable. The provision of increased space has enabled the collections of art for the first time to be properly exhibited to the public. It has also enabled other collections to be made and properly displayed, and it has been proved that if space be provided by the State, the public are willing to fill it. This is shown by Mr. Sheepshanks' munificent gift of British pictures now properly displayed, by the animal collection, the patent collection, the architectural collection, the educational collection, and the collection of sculpture; in all of which the objects have been almost wholly provided by the public.

On Saturday last, a collection of art manufactures, designed and executed by the students of the schools of art in connection with the Department of Science and Art was opened for private inspection, and on Monday was exhibited to the public. As an experiment, and as a proof of the good effected by departmental schools, the exhibition may be pronounced to be successful. The collection is divided into twelve classes—glass, ceramic manufactures, works in bronze, brass, iron, &c., plate and plated wares, jewellery, furniture, and wood carvings, lace and linen damasks, silks, ribbons, printed fabrics, woven shawls, carpets and tapestry. There are about 700 specimens exhibited, many of which exhibit considerable artistic taste. Of all the classes, that which comprises the specimens of ceramic art is best represented, for it contains more than two hundred specimens, some of the best of which are exhibited by Messrs. Minton. When we remember the high position which this branch of manufacture has lately taken in this country, and the admiration excited in France by the collections sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, we can scarcely wonder at this. The plate, jewellery, and furniture classes are also well filled.

The annual conference of the Society of Arts took place at the rooms of the society on Thursday, Mr. Dilke presiding. The report of the secretary gave a full account of the operations with regard to the examinations for prizes and certificates, from which it appears that considerable success has attended the labours of the society. In 1857, London had produced 80 candidates, and Yorkshire 140. Resolutions were proposed approving of the examination system and advising its extension.

The 104th anniversary dinner of the Society of Arts was also held at St. James's Hall, the Earl of Carlisle presiding. About 150 sat down to dinner, and the refreshments provided in dinner, dessert, and wine gave general satisfaction to this numerous party.

The first report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery has been published among the Parliamentary papers. At a meeting on the 16th February the trustees adopted the following resolutions for the guidance of their future proceedings:—1. The rule which the trustees desire to lay down to themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents, is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist. They will attempt to estimate that celebrity without any bias to any political or religious party. Nor will they consider great faults and errors, even though admitted on all sides, as any sufficient ground for excluding any portrait which may be valuable, as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country. 2. No portrait of any person still living, or deceased less than ten years, shall be admitted by purchase, donation, or bequest, except only in the case of the reigning Sovereign, and of his or her consort, unless all the trustees in the United Kingdom, and not incapacitated by illness, shall either at a meeting, or by letter, signify their approbation. 3. No portrait shall be admitted by donation, unless three-fourths at least of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it. Portraits of Shakespeare, Wilberforce, Sidmouth, Perceval, Stanhope, Stothard, Thompson the poet, Torrington, Fox the martyr, Wright, of Derby, the painter; Nollekens, the sculptor; Burdett, and Lord Chancellor Talbot have been presented. Purchases have been made of Sir W. Raleigh, Handel, Dr. Parr, A. Murphy, Speaker Lenthall, Horne Thome, Dr. Mead, Robert Harley, Sir William Wyndham, Earl Cadogan, Richard Cumberland, "La Belle Hamilton," Huskisson, Archbishop Wake, Bishop Warburton, Sharp the engraver, Captain Cook, Sir William Chambers,

Elizabeth Carter, Bishop Hoadley, Cardinal Wolsey, and Ireton. The portraits now in the charge of the trustees, whether by purchase or donation, and amounting in the whole to thirty-five, have been ranged on the walls in the temporary apartments assigned by the Government to the collection in 29, Great George-street, Westminster. It has not been possible, as yet, to attempt any degree of chronological order or series; but the trustees have applied themselves to the compilation of a catalogue, which they trust may hereafter be found of practical utility, and which, besides the usual notices as to the painting, contains in each case a short biographical notice of the person represented. Up to this time the collection has seemed to the trustees not sufficiently advanced for public exhibition. That, however, is the aim which the trustees will always have before them as their final object, and which they will seek to accomplish at the earliest moment that they think warranted by the number of pictures which they may acquire.

A deputation of noblemen and gentlemen interested in the progress of the fine arts in Ireland had an interview on Tuesday with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Talbot de Malahide said the right hon. gentleman was doubtless aware that some years ago a proposal was set on foot by those interested in the fine arts in Ireland, to erect a memorial called the "Dorgan Fund," and a considerable sum of money was raised. After a good deal of discussion, it was resolved to apply that amount in the erection of a National Gallery. The sum raised was 5000*l.*, and as that would not be sufficient, the Government of the day agreed to advance 6000*l.*, making in all 11,000*l.* It was supposed this would go far enough; but it appeared there were expenses which could not be foreseen, and estimates were obtained amounting to 23,000*l.* The sum, then, that would be required would be an additional 12,000*l.*; although they would be able to make very considerable progress if 5000*l.* only were included in the estimates for the present year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he should recommend the Government to meet the views of the deputation.

Another letter has been written respecting the treatment of the Elgin and other marbles at the British Museum: "Sir,—The vandalism complained of by your correspondent 'Marmor' has been of some duration, and first attracted my attention on the opening of the new Græco-Roman saloons. Last Christmas I saw a man scrubbing away with some vile compound. The celebrated bust of Clytie, one of the most beautiful antiques existing, has had its face mauled in this manner, and I am positive that anything beyond the simplest application of water, and that by persons acquainted with the exquisite *finesse* of sculptured flesh, must prove prejudicial to such a work. I am told this bust was cleaned about ten years ago, and if the scrubbing process is to be renewed every now and then, we may bid adieu to the antique beauty of these marbles. Blurred edges and modelling technically called 'gummy' will be the inevitable result, with the loss of all those delicate touches which give life and individuality, and over which the sculptor lingered lovingly at the completion of his works. Time needs no human assistance to destroy. I would also enter a protest against any unnecessary shifting of such ponderous and yet fragile works as the sculptures of the Parthenon. The remains of the two pediments were formerly placed in a line in a large room; they have been removed and placed opposite to each other in a smaller room, so very close that it is impossible to obtain a general view of either pediment. Surely, after having endured the wear and tear of 2000 years, been knocked about in removal, wrecked in the Mediterranean, fished up again, stacked in Lord Elgin's outhouses, and then brought to their present habitation, they might be allowed to remain in peace. It would be some satisfaction to know who has the ordering of these changes. I never heard it was a sculptor's office; and none other can rightly prize such valuable legacies of ancient art. Alas, for the union of nature and ideal beauty which poor Haydon raved about and fought for in these creations of Phidias! But little of it will outlive the present generation if the scrubbing and scouring—doubly destructive to a surface already abraded by 2000 years of exposure—is permitted to go on.—Your obedient servant, W. D. B. S."

We (*The Builder*) are glad to hear that it is the intention of the Templars to place a memorial on the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. We some time since referred to the necessity there was for preserving a record burial-place of one of the most eminent lights of English literature of the past century. It is to be hoped that this memorial may be tasteful, appropriate, and durable.

The annual conference between the representatives of the Society of Arts and the Council was held on Thursday at the society's house.

On Monday the first of a series of lectures was delivered in the concert room of the Crystal Palace, by the Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., the object being to render the various Fine Art Courts more useful as educational mediums than they have hitherto been. The lecture was merely introductory.

On Tuesday afternoon the Prince Consort inspected the model of the pedestal for the monument to General Havelock, which is erected for the present at

the end of the Parade Ground in St. James's-park, on the side near Spring-gardens. His Royal Highness expressed his gratification with the model.

On Thursday a meeting of old Carthusians was held at the Charterhouse for the purpose of initiating measures for commemorating the services of Sir Henry Havelock and other officers who had been educated at the school, and had fallen in the Russian and Indian wars. Lord Panmure was in the chair. The Queen's Advocate moved the first resolution,— "That it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Sir Henry Havelock and the other Carthusians who have fallen in the service of their country." The resolution, which was seconded by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, was carried. It was also agreed, on the motion of Archdeacon Hale, "That a monument be erected within these walls to the memory of those who have fallen in the service of their country, with the addition of such other memorial as the funds will permit." A committee was appointed to carry out the resolutions.

A public meeting was held at Southampton on Thursday, to promote the design of erecting a statue to the memory of Dr. Watts.

We are told that the painter Overbeck has retired to Ariccia to pass the summer. At first he chose Bocca di Papa, but the elevated situation of the place, and the bracing character of the air of the mountains, created alarm in the doctors. Overbeck has not recovered from his last illness, and he now works very little.

In the enttings and excavations for the Civita Vecchia Railway, at the provisional terminus, about a mile from Rome, in the spot recognised as the site of Caesar's gardens, discoveries have been recently made, bringing to light a magnificent Roman reservoir for water, the bricks of which bear the stamp of the terra cotta works belonging to Lucilla, daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina Junior, wife of the Emperor Lucius Verus. From the vast hall forming this reservoir, two corridors, about 350 yards long, whose painted vaults are decorated with marine monsters and griffins, lead to two square apartments, each of which have circular cabinets opening from them, with niches formerly adorned with statues. These have been but imperfectly excavated, the level of the ancient pavement not having been attained; but a very fine draped statue of Pomona, bearing a basket of fruit, evidently the work of a Grecian chisel, has been already brought to light, although in an imperfect state, and a torso of Roman workmanship of less artistic merit has also been found. Many architectural fragments and terra cotta statues have likewise been exhumed, as well as *fibulae*, *styli*, bracelets, and other ornaments. But the principal treasure consists in a series of magnificent medals of the Emperors Nero, Nerva (with the esteemed reverse of the clasped hands, "*Concordia militum*"), Adrian, and Antoninus Pius. These medals are of the largest dimensions and in the highest state of preservation, and, in spite of the Government regulations in cases of "treasure trove," have been eagerly snapped up by moneyed amateurs. Near the same spot the navvies have come upon some sepulchres of *liberti*, evidently belonging to the Antonine period, as the tiles bear the stamp of Domitia, wife of Annius Verus and mother of Marcus Aurelius.

The *Revue des Beaux Arts* speaks of the probable erection in the Champs Elysées of a vast "Panorama-Diorama Impérial," by Colonel Langlois, the proprietor of the Panorama which was destroyed to admit of the erection of the Palais de l'Industrie.

The School of the Fine Arts is to be enlarged on the side of the Quai Malaquais. M. Duban is the architect engaged.

An equestrian statue of Bolivar has been completed in the Royal Foundry at Munich. It is intended for the Grand Place at Lima. In September next Munich will celebrate the 700th anniversary of the foundation of the capital. There will be a symbolical procession.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE officers of the British Museum are very amusing persons in their way. They feel that a sort of "right divine" invests their judgment, and a general vagueness that of other people. They will fight, *bec et angles*, as the French say, for their own infallibility, but have more doubts than beset Lord Eldon about the judgment of all others. We noted last week the purchase of an autograph of Shakespeare, and we now find it nobly enshrined in our national library in a glass case on a table to itself, in the place of honour which is its due. But on going to the case in the King's Library, where once reposed among their curious "books with autographs" the translation of Montaigne by Florio, with the signature *Willm. Shakespeare*, which had induced a learned disquisition, and a learned editor (Mr. Charles Knight) to omit two letters of the poet's name "on the authority of the poet's autograph"—we found the book had disappeared. Alas! has it "fallen from its high estate" so soon? The juxta-position was too much for "the old favourite," we suppose; and "one little week" has deposited it from its place of honour, where it reposed on velvet and was enshrined in plate glass, to be placed among the crowd of volumes on the vulgar shelves, less honoured, perhaps, than its compeers.

*Sic transit, &c.*; but we should not like to have encountered the wrath of any "official" by venturing to have prophesied this a day before it happened.

The marbles from Halicarnassus, for which a sort of conservatory has been erected in the portico of the British Museum, will soon be thrown open to public gaze. They are very important additions to our sculpture, very noble in design and remarkably vigorous in execution. We owe to our consul, Mr. Newton, a large amount of gratitude for the unceasing endeavours he made to discover the world-renowned Tomb of Mausolus—the exact spot in which it once stood having never been satisfactorily proved before. Now we may probably be looking on the hero himself, if we can accept the noble draped figure with its strongly marked features as his "true effigy;" if that be not allowed, at least its great merit as a work of art will give it equal claim to honour. The grand cast of the draperies and the vigour with which the folds are sculptured, rival the seated figures among the Elgin marbles. The sculptured slabs are equally fine; and the colossal horse is especially remarkable for fragments of the bronze bridle which are still affixed to the head. It is much to be regretted that want of space disallows these fine marbles being placed where they ought to be—that is, in conjunction with the other marbles in the sculpture galleries of the Museum; thus carrying out the proper historic succession of these noble works. We are rapidly outgrowing all our narrowed old institutions, and may soon expect to see some of the old masters hung outside the National Gallery at Trafalgar-square, now the trustees of the British Museum cannot further admit the highest art within their doors, and have set this example before them.

Everybody who visited the Hotel de Cluny, in Paris, a few years ago, will remember the labyrinthine neighbourhood that surrounded it, and made a visit to it a regular "voyage of discovery." Now it has been cleared of surrounding buildings, and the full importance and curiosity of the *Palais des Thermes* (as the Roman ruins beside it were termed) is displayed. The authorities of Paris have carefully disengaged the mass from the modern adjuncts, and left the Roman work in its integrity, which will henceforth present a very interesting object beside the line of trees on the new Boulevard de Sebastopol. They are believed to have been the *Thermae* of Julian's palace; and on contemplating this large mass of Roman work, we feel astonishment at its preservation during all the centuries of change which befell a great city. The large vaulted apartments, with their doors and windows nearly turned in brick, and the bonding courses, also of flat broad brick, which run through the walls, are beautifully preserved; these apartments did duty as warehouses in the last century. The Paris authorities are justly proud of this fine relic; had it been in the city of London, it had most probably shared the fate of Gerard's Hall.

The *Bath Express* states that the arrangements for the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Bath, which will take place on the 20th of next month, under the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide, are fast approaching completion, the local committee being actively engaged in selecting objects for the museum, &c. The excursions will include visits to Glastonbury and Malmesbury, as well as the immediate vicinity; upon which places papers will be read illustrative of the several objects of interest. It is hoped that those who have any specimens of antiquarian value will communicate with the Honorary Secretaries. We understand that books are opened at the several banks to receive contributions in aid of the expenses of the meeting.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Drury Lane has now become a thorough Italian opera house, and has contrived to collect on its boards a great number of very excellent singers, some hitherto unknown to the London public—such as Signors Badiali, Manfredi, Naudin, and Mesdames Donatelli, Fumagalli, and Bellasio; and others well known and highly esteemed, as Madame Viardot Garcia and Madame Persiani, who have just reappeared, the one in *The Barber of Seville*, and the other as Elvira, in *I Puritani*. This last-mentioned opera was produced on Monday night, and very creditably in every respect. Madame Persiani retains all her wonted grace, and much of her power, and gave the varied emotions of the forsaken and maddened Elvira with extraordinary effect and feeling. She was heartily greeted by a very crowded and respectable audience. Signor Badiali, as Riccardo, added to his well-won reputation; and Signor Manfredi played Georgio with so much excellence of acting, and so much vocal power, as to call down the repeated approbation of the audience. The conclusion of the second act was greeted with an enthusiasm arising as much from political as musical feeling, the frequent cries of "bis," "bis," instead of the English "encore," showing there was a large Italian element in the audience. The public, apparently, are getting over their alarm at the lowness of the prices of admission, and are beginning to judge the actual merits of the performance irrespective of such contingencies. Price, however, is considered by a British public such

a criterion of quality, that it is very difficult to get a verdict on merits alone.

There has been no novelty in the operatic programmes during the week. At her Majesty's Theatre *Il Trovatore* was performed on Tuesday night, *Lucrezia Borgia* on Thursday, and the same opera to-night. On Tuesday the admired ballet, *La Reine des Songes*, was given, and the same is fixed for to-night; and on Thursday Milles, Pocchini and Annetta witched the pit with twinkling feet in *La Fleur des Champs*. *Luisa Miller* is announced for repetition on Tuesday next. At Covent-garden, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, and Flotow's opera, *Martha*, was promised for this evening; but the frequenters of this house, who are by this time becoming inured to disappointment, will doubtless bear with one more repetition of the adventures of the unchaste Violetta.

On Monday morning, Mr. Benedict's concert drew a large and fashionable audience to the Concert-room in her Majesty's Theatre, a circumstance which none can wonder at who remembers the popularity of this distinguished conductor and good composer. The programme was well selected, and gave the utmost satisfaction. One of the most interesting features in this concert was the rendering of two unaccompanied trios for female voices by Mlle. Titiens, Mmes. Sherrington Lemmens & Viardot. Two of Bach's concertos for three pianos were played by Herr Rubinstein, Herr Schmitt, and Mr. Benedict, and deservedly attracted great applause. This was Herr Schmitt's first appearance in England, and, judging by his performance upon this occasion, it is likely that he will become a favourite. Another great effect in the way of instrumental music was produced by the performance of Maurer's concertante for six violins by Messrs. Joachim, Molique, Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, and Blagrove—six of the finest players in the world. The first-named performer furthermore delighted the audience by his surprising performance in Tartini's "Songe du Diable." The "Miserere" scene from *Il Trovatore* was admirably rendered by Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini; and Mlle. Piccolomini won all hearts by the dramatic expression she threw into Pavesello's operetta *La Serva Padrona*. Herr Pischke introduced what may perhaps be considered an innovation into a concert, by dressing for the part of Hassan in Mr. Benedict's opera *Der Alte von Berge*, but did not apparently make any great impression upon the audience thereby.

On Monday evening, the sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was attended by a very numerous audience. The programme (which was selected "by command") comprised a concerto on the violin by Mendelssohn, which had been already played on the second of his two appearances this season at the Philharmonic concerts. This repetition gave, as might be expected, some little umbrage to the subscribers, who would naturally have preferred something new; and it was deemed by many that this sacrifice of those who really support the society to the caprice of the Court ought not to be tolerated for a moment. We have no doubt, however, that if the matter had been properly represented to her Majesty she would have substituted something else for the concerto. Another grievance to the subscribers was the selection of the overture to *Tannhauser* by Herr Wagner, a composition which no musician regards as above the level of contempt. In other respects, however, the music selected was quite satisfactory, and the wonderful playing of Herr Joachim excited the usual amount of enthusiasm. About the middle of the first part some difficulty arose with the gas, owing, it was said, to the admission of water into the pipes. Whatever was the cause, it was, however, speedily rectified, and the uneasiness to which the incident gave rise was entirely allayed when the royal party arrived.

On Tuesday, the Tonic Sol-Fa Association drew an immense audience to the Crystal Palace. The chorus consisted of 3500 children, and 500 adults, tenors and basses, conducted by Messrs. J. Sarll and W. S. Young. This immense army of juveniles entirely filled the Handel orchestra, and presented *en masse* a beautiful and striking spectacle. As our readers are doubtless aware, a peculiarity of the Tonic Sol-fa system is, that the singers have no books before them, but take time and tune from the baton of the conductor. The programme, which was a long one, comprised "Bells Ringing," "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," "Hail, all Hail," "Those Evening Bells," the "Quail Call," "The Echo," "Hail, Smiling Morn," "Auld Lang Syne," "Hail, Judea," "The May-time," "Old England" (to the air of "The British Grenadiers.")

On Wednesday, the grand vocal and instrumental concert given by command of her Majesty at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, was attended by the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, a brilliant court, and an immense audience. The performance commenced with a mass composed by the Earl of Westmoreland, whose skill in music is said even to exceed his diplomatic ability. At the conclusion of the piece the noble Earl, who was present, received the congratulations of his friends; which he doubtless would have done had the mass been even worse than it was. The selection comprised seven choruses, three trios, a duo, a quartet, and seven soli, and had

the advantage of being sung by Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Pyne, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Harrison, Allan Irving, and Weiss, Signori Giuglini and Belletti, and Herr Reichardt. The rest of the programme included a concertante by Maurer for four violins, admirably performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, H. Hill, and Watson; the "Spirit Song," which was sung by Miss Dolby; selections from Lucas's *The Regicide*, effectively given by Miss Pyne, Madame Weiss, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Allen, and Weiss. The second part comprised "Deh vieni," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; the aria of "Laschia ch'io pianga," from Handel's *Armida*; a recitative and romanza, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg; and a terzetto by Mr. Costa.

The morning concert given by Madame Bassano and Herr Kuhe on Thursday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, was well attended. Mendelssohn's trio in D, as interpreted by Herr Kuhe, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, was greatly and deservedly admired, as also Prudent's variations from *Les Huguenots*, performed by Herr Kuhe. Among the other attractions may be favourably mentioned "O quelle nuit," from *Le Domino Noir*, sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherington; the romance "Quando le sere," from *Luisa Miller*, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves; Madame Viardot Garcia's well-known "Spanish Melodies," and an air from Handel's *Alcina*, by the same artist; finally, "Ah! rendimi," extremely well sung by Madame Bassano.

We have to regret that other engagements and the lateness of our notice prevented us from attending the *Matinee Musicale* given by Signori Andreoli and Sigheilli, by permission of the Marchioness of Downshire, at her residence in Belgrave-square. We understand, however, that Signor Sigheilli enjoys a great reputation on the Continent as a performer upon the violin of the very first order, and that the impression which he made upon the fashionable and critical audience which attended the *debut* fully supported his title to it. We hope ere long to have an opportunity of hearing him upon some more public occasion, and of recording an opinion as to his merits.

### CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, June 28.—Srl. Biletta and Solieri's *Matinee Musicale*, Willis's Rooms, 21.—The London Polyhymnian Choir, St. Martin's Hall, 3.—Mr. Albert Schloss's Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8.—Mr. Frank Brindley's New Literary and Musical Entertainment, St. Martin's Hall, 8.

Tuesday, 29th.—Bradford Festival Choral Society, St. James's Hall, 8.

Wednesday, 30th.—M. Jules Lefort and Herr Louis Engel's Grand *Matinee Musicale*, Campden House.—Miss Kemble's Morning Concert, Gallery at Bridgewater House.—Madame Sala's Annual Concert, Willis's Rooms, 3.—The Vocal Association, St. James's Hall, 8.

Friday, July 2.—Mr. H. Leslie's Choir, St. Martin's Hall, 8.—Handel Choral Festival at the Crystal Palace.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE arrangements for the great musical performance by the Handel Festival Choir at the Crystal Palace, on the 2nd of July, are approaching completion, and the 2000 chorus singers have been selected with the same care that characterised the preparation of the Handel Festival. Besides the 250 members of the Bradford Choral Association representing the Yorkshire districts, deputations from Manchester, Liverpool, Norwich, Bristol, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Ely, Lincoln, Cambridge, Oxford, Winchester, Canterbury, Rochester, Bangor, Birmingham, Reigate, Windsor, and many other towns, with several continental celebrities, have accepted invitations to be present. It is intended that the usual band shall occupy the lower portion of the orchestra erected for the Handel Festival (the twelve harps being arranged along the front of the platform), the various military and wind bands forming a circle half way up. The chorus will occupy the remaining stages of this great platform. The first of the two final London Chorus rehearsals was held at Exeter Hall yesterday, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The Bradford choir arrive in London on Monday, the 28th inst., having been honoured by her Majesty's commands to perform at Buckingham Palace on the same evening. They give a concert on the following day at the Crystal Palace, and join in the final great rehearsal of the entire chorus at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. The plans of reserved seats at the Crystal Palace have been issued, and the tickets are now in course of delivery, offering the same facilities to visitors from distant parts of the country as were found so satisfactory on occasion of the Great Handel Festival last year. Special trains are being organised from different localities, and thus far this brilliant musical celebration, which, for its variety and striking effects, has never before been equalled, gives fair promise of proving the great musical feature of the season.

Jenny Lind has come to live among us. The *Nieder-rheinische Musik Zeitung* announced that she had resolved a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present residence, Dresden, and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, &c., were forwarded last week, *via* Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will repose in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London. Since the



appearance of that paragraph, the great cantatrice has arrived, with her husband and two children. The whole family have taken possession of a neat villa, called Roehampton Lodge, situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton.

The scenery, machinery, and all the moveable contents of the old Adelphi, having been removed, the work of demolition commenced on Thursday last, and has since been carried on with amazing vigour. In a few days the building will be completely swept away, and the erection of the new house commenced. Mr. Webster, and Mr. Wyatt, the architect, are confident of the house being completed and ready to open by the 1st of October.

The refusal on the part of the direction of the Viennese Opera to allow the extension of this popular lady's *congé* has been rescinded—not from any motive of liberality towards the manager of the London theatre, where her services have proved of such inestimable value, but because, at the eleventh hour, certain repairs which have for some time been in progress at the "Kärnthnerthor" are found not sufficiently advanced to admit of the usual performances being resumed at the time expected. Thus the patrons of her Majesty's Theatre may look forward to a repetition of those operas in which Mademoiselle Titiens has already achieved so well-merited a success, besides others in which she has not yet appeared before a London audience—and among the rest, no doubt our musical readers will hope, Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

It is arranged that the doors of the "Royal Property" are again to be opened to the public on Monday next, for a limited season, with varied and attractive entertainments for the million.

The fashion of crinoline has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing it. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact that an actress, who, in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realise the latter idea with anything like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound framework.

## THE THEATRES.

THE theatres seem to have succumbed to the hot weather. The Haymarket drags through these dog nights with a succession of benefits, in which novelties and specialties, like curries and sauces to the jaded palate, are tendered to create some interest. The Adelphi Theatre is being carried away in bricklayers' baskets, and the new walls will shortly show what the dimensions of the new theatre will be. The Olympic has no alteration in its bill; and thus the determined playgoer must be driven north or south if he will follow his favourite amusement through every season. The St. James's Theatre has indeed a high attraction in Madame Ristori; but that is so special and peculiar a performance, that it will form the subject of a special disquisition. If then we go into the suburbs with the persevering playgoer, we shall in the south find Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams delighting the Surrey audience with their Irish-Yankee pieces. Vivacity and humour of so broad and popular a species as theirs is sure to be admired anywhere; and the inhabitants of St. George's Fields form no exception to the rest of the world, and applaud the Williamses to the echo—the echo being the boys in the street, who repeat all their eccentric ditties, making the air vocal with "Our Mary Anne," &c.

The Adelphi company flitted on Monday to Sadler's Wells, with the ever *Green Bushes*, and *Our French Lady's Maid*, who has not lost her dramatic character, though she has nothing to boast of as to her individual conduct. Nothing forces upon one's imagination the extraordinary magnitude of our metropolis so much as its thus affording four separate regions, which, like outlying provinces, afford to public artists of all kinds, actors, readers, reciters, concert singers, &c., new fields for the repetition of their various pursuits and productions. A total reverse has thus been worked by the removal of the monopoly formerly attached to the two great theatres, Drury-lane and Covent-garden, and the inhabitants of the north, south, and east (not yet the west), districts, instead of coming up to the theatres, have the theatres taken to them.

In the north-east exists a very pretty little truly summer theatre, situated in a well laid-out garden. We mean the Grecian Saloon, to which we lately paid a visit, and could wish that we more followed the example of our ancestors, who in summer time frequented only suburban places of amusement; being wafted on the then silvery Thames to the Globe, or riding out to the Curtain beyond the Barbican, or to the Red Bull at Islington; finding, as tradition says, a Shakspeare to hold their horses. The immense relief of having a thoroughly well ventilated theatre, and the being able to walk out into a flower garden and refresh the inner man with cooling drinks, is scarcely to be over-rated at this season of the year. The theatre at the Grecian is

one of the prettiest and most commodious in London; and the performances are very good. Mr. T. Mead (an excellent actor) leading the serious, and young Mr. Conquest the comic business. Sadler's Wells might be made, what it was a hundred years since, a very nice garden theatre in the summer months. There are still some distant theatres of this kind, lying on the horizon of London, and therefore of civilised life, which we shall take pleasure in exploring and reporting upon, until the autumn season returns, which it is expected to do with unusual severity.

## LITERARY NEWS.

At the Council of University College, London, held on Saturday last, Mr. John Philip Green, Lincoln's-inn, was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence, also Examiner for the Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence to be awarded in December next. Mr. Arthur Cohen, late of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Mr. John Power Hicks, M.A., late of Lincoln College, Oxford, were appointed, with the Professors of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy of the College, Examiners for the Andrews Scholarships in October next. An extraordinary Andrews Scholarship of 60*l.*, in addition to the ordinary scholarship of 100*l.* and 60*l.*, were ordered to be announced for the session 1858-59. The Doctor Fellows Clinical Medicine Prize of a gold medal was awarded to Mr. William G. Groves, of Maidencombe, Teignmouth, Devonshire. A vote was passed for the repayment to the trustees of the Lord Dudley Stuart memorial of a sum of 50*l.*, credited in error by the bankers of the Hume memorial, and paid to the college in August last as part of that fund.

The Oxford examination of candidates commenced at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on Monday. There were 125 candidates, 26 of the senior class and 99 of the junior. The subjects were:—Rudiments of Faith, Mathematics, Languages, Physics, Drawing, and Music. The Rev. J. E. T. Rogers attended as a delegate from Oxford, and the examiner was the Rev. H. Highton, of Cathorpe, near Rugby.

These examinations commenced also at Leeds, as well as in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bath, Southampton, Cheltenham, Bedford, Oxford, and Exeter, on Monday. The examination at Leeds is held in the Grammar School, and is conducted by the Rev. C. P. Chretien, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College. There are 110 candidates for examination, namely, 37 senior, and 73 junior ones. Before the examination commenced the candidates were suitably addressed by the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, as a delegate of the University of Oxford.

On the 1st of July next, and thenceforward, the postage on letters between the United Kingdom and Martinique, Guadeloupe, or Curaçao, will be reduced to sixpence the half-ounce, and so on according to the usual scale. This postage must be paid in advance, or the letters will not be forwarded.

The Post Office authorities announce that on the 1st of July next, and thenceforward, a book packet addressed to Sardinia may consist not only of books or other publications, prints, or maps, but also of any quantity of paper, parchment, or vellum; and further, such books or other publications, prints, maps, &c., may on and after the same date be either printed, written, or plain, or any mixture of the three, to the exclusion, however, of any matter of the nature of a letter, unless wholly printed.

The Harrow speeches were delivered on Thursday, in the presence of a numerous company, including many of the nobility, Members of Parliament, bishops, and clergymen. After the speeches the company partook of a sumptuous repast at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the head master. Dr. Vaughan proposed "The Health of Lord Palmerston," who, in acknowledging the toast, expressed his gratification at visiting the scene of his early education, and eulogised the system pursued at the school. "The Health of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" was also given, and was duly acknowledged by that noble lord.

The Council of the Dublin Statistical Society has selected as Barrington Lecturers in Political Economy for the year 1858-9 the following gentlemen, viz.:—Frederick Evelyn, LL.B.; Thomas Basteed, M.A.; W. H. Jemison, LL.B.; and Joseph Corkey, M.A. The management of the lectures has been intrusted to the committees of the Mechanics' Institutes of Drogheda, Lurgan, and Navan, and of the Free Public Library, Dublin.

The answers to inquiries for Lady Morgan are favourable; and it is to the honour of literature to observe the public sympathy which has been accorded to the precarious state of one of its most eminent female professors in this country.

Mr. Brunel, C.E., has gone, it is said, to the Continent for two years, to enjoy quiet and recruit his health after the anxiety and fatigue he has endured with the Leviathan.

The Leeds *Mercury* says: "We fear too many of our readers may have noticed for some time back a very unpleasant odour when they first receive the newspaper. They will scarcely suppose that the same electrical state of the atmosphere which turns their milk sour and spoils their meat is answerable

for this bad smell of the paper. But so it is. When we scolded our paper makers, the explanation they gave was, that during the very thundery weather, some weeks since, a boiling of size had turned sour, and they had used it for some hours before they made the discovery. When they made it, they at once threw away the remainder of the soured size, but the paper was too valuable to be thrown away. Hence the annoying smell which has proceeded from the *Mercury*. We have earnestly entreated our paper makers not in future to send us any of this odiferous paper. The correspondent who feared that the scent proceeded from the 'printer's devil' will be relieved to find that the cause was not infernal, but earthly, we may almost say heavenly, or at least aerial and electrical.

As a specimen of the zeal and promptitude with which Mr. Panizzi executes his office, it may be mentioned that the Shakspeare autograph, purchased last week for the British Museum, was exhibited to the public on Saturday. It stands in a separate case among the other autographs in the manuscript room, beyond the Grenville library. Whether from indifference, or because they had not found it out, the public betrayed no curiosity respecting it, for at the time we paid it a visit we found it entirely deserted, whilst the case full of royal autographs attracted the usual crowd.

On Monday next the sale of the first portion of the large and valuable library collected by the late Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, will commence at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The sale of this first portion will last sixteen days, and the catalogue contains nearly five thousand items. As might be expected, the library is very rich in doctrinal and old church literature, black letter, and classics. There is, however, a very good sprinkling of general literature, and especially of English classics. After going over this catalogue, we would suggest to the auctioneers whether an arrangement by subjects, rather than alphabetically, would not conduce to the convenience of purchasers. It might perhaps be undesirable to "the trade" to let private buyers have any further convenience; but collectors would doubtless prefer knowing on what particular day in a sale each class of books would be sold.

A correspondent writes to the *Times*:—"Sir,—May I beg the aid of your powerful influence to rouse the slumbering energies of the publishers of the eighth edition of this important work (the "Encyclopedia Britannica"), which, according to the prospectus, ought to have been completed last month? As six volumes are overdue, the pressure of the *Times* may, I think, be reasonably exerted to hasten the completion of this national publication."

The editorial amenities of our Transatlantic contemporaries have long supplied matter for wonder in this country. The following specimen, taken from a biographical sketch of three well-known American journalists, is, however, equal to anything of the kind we have met. It appeared in a paper called *Stephen Branch's Alligator*, of which eight numbers have already appeared in New York:—"I shall review the editorial career of these men (whom I regard as extremely vicious), and I shall begin with B\*\*\*\*\*, because he is the eldest and biggest villain of the trio. I have written for the *Herald* since I was a student at Cambridge in 1836, for which I have received only 250 dollars. I have written for the *Times* nearly since its advent, for which I have received nothing. I have written for the *Tribune* since the first year of its existence, for which I have received nothing but infinite detraction. So, in all I may say of these ungrateful scoundrels, I shall evince no ingratitude or treachery. B\*\*\*\*\*'s face is the reflection of hell and the prince or devils. In conversation, he is obscene and blasphemous, and thoroughly wicked in every thought, and to listen to his obscenity, and blasphemy, and corrupt suggestions, in his old age, makes one shudder with horror to the inner temples of the soul. He is a low and cunning Scotchman, of a large brain, of superficial cultivation—has no critical knowledge of grammar, and his orthography is quite imperfect—could accurately define Webster's "science" only as it represents the mode of extortion—has read very little—is an unnaturalised alien, and a monarchist of the deepest dye. His leading motive, since he acquired his almighty dollar position as a journalist, has been to corrupt the people, and thus subvert our institutions, and cast us again into the embraces of British despots, whom he still loves, and will ever recognise as his native masters."

From "The Canadian Newspaper Directory," published at Toronto, we glean the following facts:—There are issued in the two Canadas 207 newspapers, viz.: daily 20; tri-weekly 18; semi-weekly 15; weekly 156. Of these, 57 are liberal, 47 Reform, and 43 Conservative. In religion, 104 Protestant, 18 Roman Catholic; 35 are neutral as to creeds; 12 non-political; and 2 neutral with regard to both religion and politics. There are 88 different cities, towns or villages in the Canadas, from which newspapers are issued. The Canadian local journals have usually but a moderate circulation, ranging from 500 to 1500, averaging about 1000. The following are the most widely diffused:—*Globe*, Toronto—Daily 5000; tri-weekly 3000; weekly 14,500. *Witness*, Montreal

(Protestant)—Weekly 9000. *Patriot*, Toronto (Tory)—Weekly 6000. *Colonist*, Toronto—Daily 2000; tri-weekly 1500; weekly 10,000. *Christian Guardian*, Toronto (Methodist)—Weekly 5000. *Courrier du Canada*, Quebec (R. C.)—Tri-weekly 2500. *La Minerve*, Montreal (Liberal R. C.)—Tri-weekly and weekly 3000. *Leader*, Toronto (Tory)—Daily 1500; semi-weekly 3000. Five journals are printed in Canada in the German language, one being Roman Catholic.

The *Les Femmes Pauvres* of M. Emile Augier has just been published. It is dedicated to Prince Napoleon, without whose intervention it would never have been performed, and is preceded by a preface which makes some amusing revelations respecting the dramatic censorship. Among other things, it is said that after the phrase "Ask for a week's delay—there is no Englishman so much an Arab as—" the censorship wrote: "An attack on the alliance." After the phrase "These turpitudes are no secret to Punch" was written the remark "Bad taste." At "all the stages of society," they wrote "Dangerous." M. Augier adds: "I ask pardon of the censors for violating the secret of the deliberations, but they have set one the example, by not keeping it themselves. One of them even amused himself by going about proclaiming everywhere that our piece was a turpitude!"

M. Alfred de Vigny proposes that the members of the Academy shall wear a uniform, and has petitioned for this privilege. This ardent Imperialist has not worn such a mark of distinction since he turned the coat which he wore in the Royal Guard of Charles X. He has, however, got very much laughed at for his pains.

The correspondent of the *Globe* says: "Some time back I had to lament the case of Mr. Headlam, M.P. for Newcastle, whose name is habitually mangled by French translators. I have recognised him under the *ains* of Zeadlam, Saedlam, Leadlam, Eadlam; but in a recent paragraph he is made to join MM. Bright and Gibson in complimenting the Ministry under the form of—Headlam!"

## OBITUARY.

**GLENGALL**, The Earl of, died suddenly on Tuesday morning, at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The deceased, Richard Butler, Earl of Glengall, Viscount and Baron Caher, county of Tipperary, in the peerage of Ireland, was only son of Richard, first earl, by his marriage with Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. John Jeffereys. He was born in 1794, and married in 1834 Margaret Lauretta, youngest daughter and co-heir of the late Mr. William Mellish, the great army contractor. By his countess, who survives him, he leaves issue two daughters—Lady Margaret, born in 1834, and Lady Matilda, born in 1835. In default of male issue the earldom becomes extinct. The late Earl succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father in 1819, and has been an Irish representative peer since 1830. He had been for many years colonel of the Tipperary Militia, and was the author of the popular farce of "The Irish Tutor," and other dramatic works of some merit, and of late years has contributed several political essays to the columns of the *Conservative* press. He always took great interest in dramatic matters, and was, for many years past, chairman of the committee of the shareholders of Drury-lane theatre. The Earl's ancestors were a branch of the noble house of Ormonde, springing from the third earl. By his demise a vacancy occurs among the Irish representative peers.

**THELLUSSEN**, Hon. A., youngest and last surviving son of the late Lord Rendlesham, died a few days since at Bath. The deceased was born in 1801, and married in 1835 Caroline Ann Maria, second daughter of the late Sir Christopher Bethel Codrington, Bart., and the Hon. Harriet Foley, by whom he leaves an only son and two daughters. He was heir presumptive of the family barony; and it may be mentioned that the great "Thellusson Will Case" was appointed for hearing in the House of Lords on Monday next; but in consequence of the death of Mr. Thellusson, who was one of the appellants in the case, it is uncertain whether the appeal can be heard on that day, as the legal advisers to whom the case is entrusted are not sure whether they will be able to revive the appeals in the name of Major Thellusson, of the Coldstream Guards, son of the deceased gentleman.

**WATT**, Mr. Henry Matthew, a chemist connected with the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, committed suicide there on Saturday last. He was about twenty-eight years of age, was employed as a chemist at the museum, was a remarkably clever young man, universally respected, and the only assignable cause for the act appears to be over study in the pursuit of his profession. The deceased, it is stated, had been for some time past engaged in the production of a work connected with geology, in conjunction with another gentleman connected with the museum.

**HOWE**, Mr. T. G., an artist, residing in Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square, committed suicide in his studio, on Thursday morning, by swallowing "emerald green." It is stated that the unfortunate man had been for some time in a desponding state, owing to pecuniary embarrassments.

## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Atty's The Defence of Campore in November 1857, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Atty's Mathematical Tables on Lunar Theories, 4th edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Atty's Income Tax Tables at 5d., 6d., in the Pound, 8vo. 1s. swd.  
Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. XXXVII, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Brett's Suggestions relative to the Restoration of Suffragan Bishops, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth.  
Brett's Selections of Legal Maxims, 3rd edit. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
Burger's Lenore, Two Verse Translations of, 8vo. 1s. swd.  
Birk's Rifleman's Manual, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Butler's Letters on Remains, edited by Woodward, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.  
Busch's (Dr.) Guide for Travellers in Egypt, &c., 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Busch's Notes on the Book of Numbers, 8vo. 7s. cl.  
Caryle's Translations—Maccus, Tiock, &c., crown 8vo. 6s. cloth.  
Claude, Servius, Authors' their Words, Descriptions, &c., 8vo. 4s. cl.  
Chambers's Journal, Vol. IX, sup. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Daniel's Two Principal Periods, Terminal Synchronism of, 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Deane's Manual of the History of Firearms, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop (Library Edition), post 8vo. 6s. cloth.  
Domenech's Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Encyclopaedia Britannica, 8th edit. Vol. XVI, 4to. 24s. cl.  
Farmer's Essay on the Christian Doctrine of the Atonement, 8vo. 1s. swd.  
Galligan's New Paris Guide for 1858, with plates, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Green's Gradations in Euclid, Books I. and II., 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Horace's Odes, translated into Lyric Verse by Lord Ravensworth, royal 8vo. 21s. half bound.  
Horth's System of Target Practice, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.  
Hudson's Land Value's Best Assistant, new edit. 24mo. 4s. bd.  
Ingledew's History and Antiquities of North Albion, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
Ivora, by the Author of "Amy Herbert," new edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Jeffrey's British Army in India: its Preservation, &c., 8vo. 12s. cl.  
Lobb's Hints upon the Administration of Country Life, 8vo. 1s. swd.  
Lang's Forger's Wife, 5th edit. 8vo. 1s. swd.  
MacLennan's Clinical Memoir of Strangulated Hernia, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
MacKenzie's Words in Season for Them who are Weary, new edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Marco's Geology of North America, 4to. 11s. 6d. swd.  
Mehrick's The Outcast and the Poor of London, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Macbride's Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Miller's Poacher, or Pictures of Country Life, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Oxford, Handbook for Visitors to, new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
Parker's Medieval Architecture of Chester, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Peck's Wombling: its History, &c., 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Practical Through Routes from London to Germany, Tyrol, &c. 12mo. 1s. cl.  
Parlor Library: Lister's Arlington, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Rowan's Brief Memorials of the Case and Conduct of Trinity College, Dublin, A.D. 1686-90, 4to. 5s. cl.  
Roston's Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Readings from Holy Scripture, by the Author of "Tales of Kirkbeck," 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Roberts's Throes of Life, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Shepherd's Sweet Psalmist of Israel, 8vo. 8s. cl.  
Sedden's Memoir and Letters, by his Brother, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Train, The, Vol. V., January to June, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt.  
Twining's Short Lectures on Plants, post 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Wigram on the Admission of Extrinsic Evidence in the Interpretation of Wills, 4th edit. 8vo. 11s. cl.

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,**  
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,  
AND PROPOSED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be  
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED,  
sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

**TRELOAR'S COCOA-NUT FIBRE**  
WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE-HILL.—Metting, Mats,  
Mattresses Sheep Netting, Hassocks, &c. Prize Medals  
awarded: London, New York, Paris, Catalogues, containing  
prices and every particular, free by post.  
T. TRELOAR, Cocoa-Nut Fibre Manufacturer, 42, Ludgate-hill  
London, E.C.

**THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS**  
are made to order from Scotch, Heather, and Cheviot  
Tweeds, all woven and thoroughly shrunken, by B. BENJAMIN,  
Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street, W.  
The Two-guinea Frock and Dress Coats, the Guinea Dress  
Trousers, and the Half-guinea Waistcoats  
N.B. A perfect fit guaranteed.

**SYDENHAM SUIT, complete for 43s. 6d.,**  
comprising Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Lounging Coat, 17s. 6d.;  
Waistcoat, 8s. 6d. The Coat of elegant black or fancy Melton  
cloth; the Trousers and Waistcoat to match, of the best light  
West of England woollen and wool and silk cloths.

**SYDENHAM SCHOLAR'S SUIT, complete**  
for 59s., Coat, Waistcoat and Trousers all to match,  
of the best West of England fancy cloths, or in different pat-  
terns if preferred. Selection from upwards of 1000 patterns.

**SYDENHAM SUMMER OVERCOAT,**  
of elegant Melton cloth, 21s., gracefully adjusted to the  
figure and finished in a superior manner.

**SYDENHAM ALPACA OVERCOATS,**  
12s. 6d., light, pleasant and serviceable for summer wear,  
and made with a degree of care hitherto unprecedented in the  
trade.—SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill.

**BIDDLECOMBE'S 75 GUINEA**  
BROUGHS are giving universal satisfaction. They  
are light, easy, and elegant, with great durability, and fully  
warranted; in stock or made to order, same price.—118,  
Euston-road, between King's-cross and Euston-square.

**BIDDLECOMBE'S BASKET CAR-**  
RIAGES are the admiration of all who see them, being  
of the most elegant designs, and the cheapest in London.  
Sociables, Park, and other Pannell Phaetons, cheap.—118,  
Euston-road, between King's-cross and Euston-square.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**—This excellent Preparation  
is supplied in pound and half-pound packets, 1s. 6d.  
and 9d.  
JAMES EPPS, Homeopathic Chemist, 170, Piccadilly; 112,  
Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury; 82, Old Broad-street, City;  
and at the Manufactory, 388, Euston-road.  
Every Packet is labelled as above.

**INDIA AND BRITISH SHAWLS,**  
DRESSES AND CLOAKS of every description,  
CLEANED, and the Colours preserved. Black dyed for  
mourning every Wednesday, and finished in a few days. Bed  
Furniture and Drawing-room Suits, of all sorts, cleaned, dyed,  
and finished. Kid Gloves, Silk and Satin Waistcoats cleaned,  
by SAMUEL OSMOND and Co., 8, Ivy-lane, Newgate-street,  
London.

**BENSON'S WATCHES.**—"Excellence of  
design and perfection of workmanship."—*Morning*  
*Chronicle*.  
"The qualities of his manufacture stand second to none."—*Morning*  
*Advertiser*.  
"All that can be desired in finish, taste, and design."—*Globe*.  
"The watches here exhibited surpass those of any other  
English manufacturer."—*Observer*.

Those who cannot personally inspect this extensive and  
costly stock, should send two stamps for "Benson's Illustrated  
Pamphlet," containing important information requisite in the  
purchase of a watch, and from which they can select with the  
greatest certainty the one adapted to their use. Silver  
Watches, from 2 to 50 guineas—Gold Watches, from 3s. 13s. to  
100 guineas. Every watch warranted and sent post paid to  
any part of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales upon receipt  
of a remittance. Merchants, Shippers, and Watch Clubs sup-  
plied. Watches exchanged or repaired.—Manufactory, 33 & 34,  
Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. Established 1749.

**HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA,**

THE LEAF NOT COLOURED.  
STRONG, RICH, and FULL-FLAVOURED TEA is thus secured to  
the Public, as importing it before the Chinese cover it with  
colour, makes it impossible for any brown low-priced autumn  
leaves to be made to appear like the best, and passed off to  
the consumer at a high price. The *Lancet* (Longman, p. 319)  
states of Horniman's Tea:—"The green not being covered  
with Prussian blue, &c., &c. the olive, the black is not in-  
tensely dark;" wholesome and good Tea is thus obtained.  
Price 3s. 6d., 4s., and 4s. 6d. per lb. London Agents.—Pur-  
sell, 78, Cornhill; Elphinstone, 227, Regent-street, 306, Oxford-  
street, and 21, Throgmorton-street, Bank; Wolf, 75, St Paul's-  
churchyard; Dr. Williams, 68, Blackman-street, Borough. Sold  
in Packets by HORNIMAN'S Agents in all parts of the kingdom.

**THE CHANCERY SUIT** complete for  
50s., or the Trousers 16s. This novel, lasting, and  
elegant Suit is pronounced unequalled for promenade or  
lounge; produced in Scotch and other woollen textures of the  
most approved patterns. To be had only of the inventors,  
PHILLIPS and SAMSON, Merchant Tailors and Professed  
Trousers Makers, 40, High Holborn, opposite Chancery-lane.

**THE Guinea Waterproof Sleeve Cape**  
in every colour. Black cloth dress and frock coats  
from two to three guineas. Black dress trousers, one guinea.  
A good fit guaranteed. The department for trousers and  
waistcoats is replete with every novelty of the season at  
moderate prices.—Observe the address, 40, High Holborn,  
opposite Chancery-lane. Established 1829.

**POULSON'S BEST BLACK or OXFORD**  
MIXED DOESKIN TROUSERS, for 10s. 6d. Coats,  
Waistcoats, Juvenile Clothing, and Liveries equally moderate.  
Professional Gentlemen and Clergymen will effect a great  
saving by giving their orders at 48, Oxford-street. Gentle-  
men within a radius of five miles waited upon at their own  
residences.—B. POULSON, 405, Oxford-street, near Soho-square.  
N.B.—A good fit guaranteed.

**TO MINISTERS.**—The CLERICAL  
OVER COAT from 2l. 2s.

A superfine Woollen Black Cloth Frock Coat, from 2l. 5s. to 3l. 10s.  
Cassock Vest, 12s. to 15s.  
Wool-dyed Black Doeskin Trousers, from 1l. 2s. to 1l. 8s.  
Oxford Scotch Tweed ditto, 18s. 6d.

Quality, fit, and workmanship guaranteed. Instruction  
for self-measurement and pattern sent post free. Personal  
attendance within five miles.—J. DEANE, Tailor, 167, Tottenham-  
court-road, four doors south of Shoolbred and Co.'s.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST**  
ARTICLES.—THEY ARE THE CHEAPEST IN THE ESTD.—  
DEANE and CO.'S Priced Furnishing List may be had gra-  
tuitously on application, or forwarded by post, free. This list  
embraces the leading articles from all the various departments  
of their establishment, and is arranged to facilitate purchases in  
the selection of their goods. It comprises Table Cutlery—  
Electro-plate—Lamps—Baths—Fenders and Fire-Irons—Iron  
Bedsteads and Bedding—Britannia Metal, Copper, Tin, and  
Brass Goods—Culinary Utensils—Furniture—Brushes—Mats,  
&c.—DEANE and Co. (opening to the Monument), London-  
bridge. Established A.D. 1709.

**LAWRENCE HYAM, MERCHANT**  
CLOTHIER and MANUFACTURER, 35, GRACE-  
CHURCH-STREET, City, London, solicits public attention to  
the immense variety in style and pattern of Men and Youth's  
Clothing, manufactured by him expressly for the present  
season. The system of business pursued is to charge one uni-  
form and low per centage of profit, to ensure to the customer a  
garment warranted for strength and durability, combined  
with a fashionable and gentlemanly style.

THE READY-MADE DEPARTMENT is celebrated for the  
extent and variety of its stock, consisting of every description  
of gentlemen's, youths', and boys' clothing, while the saving  
effected renders it important and entitles it to great considera-  
tion in large families.

THE ORDERED DEPARTMENT offers also peculiar ad-  
vantages, the articles being men of celebrity and the material  
the best.

CLERICAL and PROFESSIONAL men are specially in-  
vited. The black and mixture cloths being of a fast dye, and  
warranted for durability. An ordered suit of black for 3l. 3s.;  
also the celebrated 17s. TROUSERS in great variety.

LAWRENCE HYAM, Merchant Clothier and Manufacturer,  
35, GRACECHURCH-STREET, City, London.

**D'ALTENBURG'S ORIENTAL OIL**  
permanently restores grey hair to its original colour, and  
preserves it glossy, and soft as silk; it effects the most  
astonishing cures of baldness of long standing, and in a short  
time covers the head with vigorous and abundant hair; it  
promotes the growth of whiskers and moustaches with in-  
credible rapidity, and cleanses the face and scalp, and by  
D'ALTENBURG and Company, 38A, Lamb's Conduit-street,  
London, at 2s. 9d. per bottle; by post, twelve stamps extra.

**FRENCH SPIRAL ELASTIC STOCK-**  
INGS, Knee-caps, Stocks, Belts, &c., as manufactured  
by SPARKS and SON, are allowed by the leading members  
of the surgical profession to be the only articles ever invented  
for giving equal and perfect support in all cases to which they  
are applied, and are especially recommended to all persons  
suffering from varicose or enlarged veins, for rheumatic and  
dropical affections; and also for relieving weakness of the  
limbs, &c.—Printed directions for measurements, with full  
particulars and prices, sent post free. Makers of Improved  
Urinals for day and night use.—Address SPARKS and SON,  
Truss and Patent Surgical Bandage Makers, 28, Conduit-  
street, Regent-street, London.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.**—  
WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-  
ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY  
of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each  
is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted  
to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those  
that have tended to make his establishment the most distin-  
guished in this country.

Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to 220s. 6d. each.  
Shower Baths, from 8s. 6d. to 6s. each.  
Lamps (Moderators), from 6s. 6d. to 7s. each.  
(All other kinds at the same rate.)

Pure Colza Oil, 4s. 3d. per gallon.  
**TEA URNS, of LONDON MAKE ONLY.**  
—The largest assortment of London-made TEA URNS  
in the world (including all the recent novelties, many of which  
are registered) is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,  
from 3s. to 6l.

**CUTLERY, WARRANTED.**—The most  
varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world,  
all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,  
at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness  
of the surgical profession to be the only articles ever invented  
for giving equal and perfect support in all cases to which they  
are applied, and are especially recommended to all persons  
suffering from varicose or enlarged veins, for rheumatic and  
dropical affections; and also for relieving weakness of the  
limbs, &c.—Printed directions for measurements, with full  
particulars and prices, sent post free. Makers of Improved  
Urinals for day and night use.—Address SPARKS and SON,  
Truss and Patent Surgical Bandage Makers, 28, Conduit-  
street, Regent-street, London.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL**  
FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may  
be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400  
illustrations of his illuminated stock of Electro and Sheffield  
Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal goods, Dish Covers  
and Hot Water Disks, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Mantelpieces,  
Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, and Urns and Kettles,  
Tea Trays, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths and Toilet Ware,  
Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed Hangings,  
&c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Sixteen large Show  
Rooms, at  
39, Oxford-street (W.); 1, 1A, 2, and 3, Newman-street; and  
4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place, London. Established 1820.



**WATER BEDS, MATTRESSES, and CUSHIONS,** for Bed Sores, as recommended by the Faculty, may be had on the shortest notice from the sole Manufacturer, HOOPER, 55, Grosvenor-street, Bond-street.

**INVALID'S OXYGEN APPARATUS.**—The difficulties which have hitherto prevented the profession from using OXYGEN GAS (one of the most powerful and safe of all known curative agents for many diseases) in their practice are entirely overcome by BARTHE'S PATENT OXYGEN APPARATUS.—Full information given to invalids (without fee) by the patentee, GEORGE BARTHE, 217, Piccadilly.

**GALVANIC BELT, without Acids, for the Cure of DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA in all its forms, Inactivity of the Liver, or Sluggish Circulation.** From the constant demand the price is reduced; forwarded post-free, 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s. Mr. W. P. PINGOTT is to be consulted daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., at 16, Argyl-street, Regent-street.—The Galvanic Belts, for extracting mineral poisons and the cure of cutaneous diseases.—Post orders payable as above, or at the Galvanic Belt Depot, 523, New Oxford-street.

**TO the NERVOUS and DEBILITATED.**—CHARLES WATSON, M.D. (Fellow and Honorary Vice-president of the Imperial African Institute of France, Resident Physician to the Bedford Dispensary, Corresponding Member of the Medical Societies of Rouen and Paris, &c., 27, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, London, continues to issue, on receipt of six stamps, "The Guide to Self-cure." "The first man of the day in these complaints."—*Medical Review*, July 1858. For Qualifications, vide diplomas and the *Medical Directory*.

**ALLARTON'S STEEL BISCUITS.**—This elegant and very palatable preparation has now become a great favourite with the profession and the public. It is prescribed by most of the eminent Physicians in London, and by many of them patronised in their own families. The medical and scientific journals have pronounced the steel biscuits to be a most useful and agreeable tonic, and a great boon to children and delicate females. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each, by the proprietor, W. S. SAEEDY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 254, High-street, Southwark.

**AN ACT OF DEEP GRATITUDE.**—5000 Copies of a Medical Book to be given away!—A Clergyman of the Church of England, having been cured of nervous debility, loss of memory, indigestion, and other fearful symptoms, is earnestly desirous of imparting to his suffering fellow men the means whereby his restoration was so miraculously effected. He will therefore send a book containing all the necessary information, on receipt of two penny stamps to prepay postage, addressed to the Rev. H. R. TRAVES, M.A., 1, North Cumberland-place, Bayswater, Middlesex.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—There is no hazard in saying that the popularity of Professor HOLLOWAY'S remedies in this country is without a parallel. The instances in which sick persons professionally condemned to death have recovered under the operation of these miracle-working Pills, are so numerous and well authenticated that the most stubborn incredulity is silenced. Hosts of sufferers from indigestion, liver complaints, nervous debility, disorders of the Lungs, epileptic fits, and other diseases, have been cured by this unapproachable medicine when every other means had failed. The press teems with the testimonials of the parties, and while we wonder we are compelled to believe.—Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World; and at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

**A NEW DISCOVERY.—Mr. HOWARD,** Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication.—Decayed Teeth stopped and rendered sound and useful in mastication. 52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

**THE LONDON SEASON.**—The exuberance of the feelings amidst scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is on these occasions that ROWLAND'S PERSONAL REQUISITES shine pre-eminent in their operation upon the hair, the skin, and the teeth.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is a delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the hair, and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent.

ROWLAND'S KALDOOL, for the skin and complexion, is unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek; the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms; its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it indispensable to every toilet.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice, for preserving and beautifying the teeth, imparting to them a pearl-like whiteness, strengthening the gums, and for rendering the breath sweet and pure.

Sold by A. HOWLAND and SONS, 20, Hatton-garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.—Beware of spurious imitations!

**SPECTACLES.—SIGHT and HEARING.**—DEAFNESS.—New Discovery.—39, Albermarle-street, Piccadilly.—Observe, opposite the York Hotel. The Organic Vibrator, an extraordinary powerful small newly-invented instrument for deafness, entirely different from all others, to surpass anything of the kind that has been, or probably ever can be produced; it rests within the ears without projecting, and being of the same colour as the skin, is not perceptible. It enables deaf persons to enjoy general conversation; to hear distinctly at church and at public assemblies; the unpleasant sensation of ringing noises in the ears is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that possibly could be desired. **THE EYES.**—Optical Improvements, to enable persons at an advanced age to read with ease and discriminate objects with perfect distinctness.—Messrs. S. and B. SOLOMONS, opticians and oculists, have invented Spectacle Lenses of the greatest transparent power. The valuable advantage derived from this invention is that vision, becoming impaired, is preserved and strengthened, and very aged persons are enabled to employ their sight at the most minute occupation—can see with those lenses of a much less magnifying power—and they do not require the frequent changes to the dangerous effects of further powerful assistance. Powerful and brilliant patent Telescopes, Camp, Racecourse, Opera, and Perspective Glasses, to know the distances, possessing such extraordinary powers, that some, from 35 inches, will show distinctly Jupiter's moons, Saturn's ring, and the double stars. Also a very powerful small watch pocket glass, the size of a walnut, to discern minute objects at a distance of from four to five miles.—39, Albermarle-street, Piccadilly, opposite the York Hotel, W.

**BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.** Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance; but now, the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require neither attention nor confinement, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.—Sold by PROUT and HARBANT, 229, Strand, London; and all Medicine Vendors.

**THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY** for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

**ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS** for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Carters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

**NERVOUSNESS, EPILEPSY, MIND and HEAD COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, &c.** their Causes and Cure.—AN ESSAY: the result of a long and extended practice in the treatment of nervous maladies, head affections, indigestion, relaxation, debility, &c., and intended as a source of easy reference for the non-professional reader. By A. PHYSICIAN. Few diseases are more prevalent, less understood, and consequently more erroneously treated, than the above, to which thousands of invalids, whose prolonged sufferings have been an anguish to their friends, trace their position; while in most cases the immediate cause of those complaints remains unknown to them, and any treatment, in the absence of this knowledge, becomes uncertain, often fruitless. Where ordinary resources prove abortive, the use of the microscope is not infrequently attended with the happiest results; the long-concealed cause of much misery being thereby brought to light, and a correct and generally successful mode of treatment at once indicated. The object of this work is to clear up some matters of vital importance that have hitherto remained obscure, and to point out to the nervous and hypochondriacal invalid the means by which he may arrive at a state of health to which, in all probability, he has long been a stranger. The above will be sent post free on receipt of 12 postage stamps, by Mr. RIDGE, 10, Brooke-street, Holborn-hars London.

**TRIESEMAR.**—Protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the University of Medicine, Vienna. Triese-mar, No. 1, is a remedy for relaxation, spermatorrhoea, and exhaustion of the system. Triese-mar, No. 2, effectually in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which capsules have so long been thought an antidote for, the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. Triese-mar, No. 3, is the great Continental remedy for that class of disorders which, unfortunately, the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sanaparilla of the world cannot remove. Triese-mar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may be on the toilet-table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases, price 11s., or four cases in one for 35s., which saves 11s.; and in 6s. cases, whereby there is a saving of 11 1/2d., divided into separate doses, as administered by Valpurga, Lankemann, & Co.—Sold by D. CHURCH, 78, Gracechurch-street; BARTLETT HOOPER, 43, King William-street; G. F. WATTS, 17, Strand; PROUT, 229, Strand; HANNAY, 63, Oxford-street; SANGER, 160, Oxford-street, London; K. H. INGRAM, Market-street, Manchester; and POWELL, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

**TO NERVOUS and RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.** £10,000 DAMAGES.—On the 16th

France condemned C. Melning (ex-agent) to pay this sum to the inventor of the Medical Electric Chains. The English Court also, on the 30th November 1856, condemned him to the like amount, on the plea of defrauding and for infringing the inventor's rights. The great number of persons who have been cured by the extraordinary curative powers of these chains were substantiated by him to an instrument he circulated amongst our agents under false pretences. Let counterfeits beware. The inventor's fac-simile only is marked on each genuine chain.—

**PULVERMACHE'S.**

**PATENT MEDICAL ELECTRO-GALVANIC CHAINS,** used by children and ladies, and all classes of society. They relieve the sufferer instantly, without pain or any other medicine. Peruse "Practical Guide" for Electro-Medical treatment, 6d., containing records from clergymen, barristers, military and naval officers, and hundreds of others. In the "Life" of that remarkable divine, Dr. KILTO, it states: "The instant I applied this wonderful little chain, a soothing and exhilarating current passed throughout the system, and in a few minutes a terrible old pain left me." He was the greatest martyr to rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, &c., ever known. "These singular claims must convince every one who gives them a moment's trial. Nervous deafness, paralysis, liver complaints, and neuralgia, &c., have been cured with one of them, after every advocated means of relief had failed."—*Medical Times*, March 20, 1858, and *Lancet and Med. Assn. Journal*, &c. Strongly recommended by those eminent physicians, Sir C. Leake, Bart., Physician to Her Majesty; Golding Bird, Percival, M. Hutin, and others. Adopted by the Academie de Medicine et de Science, Paris, the last reports of which gives thirty-six cases of gout, lumbago, sciatica, tic douloureux, chronic indigestion, constipation, &c., as being effectually eradicated in a few limited time, and under extraordinary circumstances. The effect of these chains are so instant, and they are so agreeable and easy of application, that every person is invited to visit the depot and test them beforehand. Besides the above complaints they instantly relieve head, ear, and toothache, and are a safeguard to that dreadful malady, epilepsy.—Deemed worthy of the first place in the works of great philosophers and professors of Belarive, Duchemin, Lardner, Poulet, Becquerel, Oppolzer, and a host of others. No remedy which has ever been discovered has had such high eulogiums passed upon it, or called down the attention of the eminent of the faculty, as these chains. Price 5s. and 10s. 6d. for slight complaints. The 15s., 18s., and 22s. are the most useful. L. PULVERMACHE and Co., 73, Oxford-street, adjoining Princess's Theatre, London, and all appointed agents, town and country.

**RUPTURES EFFECTUALLY CURED**

**WITHOUT A TRUSS.**—Dr. Thomson's remedy has been successful in thousands of cases, and is applicable to every variety of single or double rupture in both sexes, however bad or long standing, effecting a perfect cure in a short time without pain or confinement, thus rendering the further use of trusses unnecessary. Persons in any part of the world can have the remedy sent to them post free, on receipt of 10s. in postage stamps, or by post-office order payable at the chief London office to Dr. Ralph Thomson, 14, Arlington-street, Mornington-crescent, London. Consultations by appointment daily except Sunday. A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Symptoms of every kind of Hernia, with a large selection of Testimonials from patients cured, sent free by post for four penny stamps.

**DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR,**

**WHISKERS, &c.?**—If so, use MISS COUPELLE'S CRINUTRIAR, which is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustachios, &c., in a few weeks, and restore the Hair in baldness, from whatever cause, prevent its falling off, strengthen Weak Hair, and effectually check Greyness in all its stages. If used in the nursery, it will avert Baldness in after life. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss Coupeille, 63, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London.—Testimonials: "I have ordered its use in hundreds of cases with success." *Dr. Walsh*.—"I have sold it for eleven years, and have never heard a complaint of it." *Mr. Sanger, Chemist*.—"My hair is quite restored." *E. James, Esq.*—"After nine years' baldness, its effects are miraculous." *W. Mahon*.

**HAIR DYE.—The UNITED SERVICE,**

**ARMY, and NAVY HAIR DYES,** the only true effective dye for dyeing, at the same time softening the hair; producing two good natural colours, brown and black, quite free from smell, and perfectly harmless to the skin. To be had wholesale only of J. F. SHAYLER, 5, West-street, Upper St. Martin's-lane. Retail at 82, St. John's-street-road; Mitre-train, 7, Burlington-arcade; Kennedy, 169, Oxford-street; and all respectable perfumers in town and country. Price 2s. 8d., 4s., 6s., 8s., 6d., 10s., 6d. Please say if for brown or black. Sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of post-office order, payable at Charing-cross, to J. F. SHAYLER, 5, West-street, Upper St. Martin's-lane, for 3s. 8d., 5s., 8s., 12s.

**KNOW THYSELF.—MARIE COUPELLE** continues her vivid and interesting delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting of individuals, in a style never before attempted in England.

Persons desirous of knowing their own characteristics, or those of any friend, must enclose a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, with 14 penny postage stamps, to Miss Coupeille, 63, Castle-street, Newmarket-street, London, and they will receive per return a full detail of the gifts, defects, talents, affections, &c., of the writer, with many other things calculated to be useful through life.—From 8s. to 12s. your skill surprising.—"C. S." "Your description of her character is remarkably correct."—*H. W.* "Your sketch of my character is marvellously correct."—*Miss F.* "Mamma says the character you sent me is a true one."—*W. N.* "You have described him very accurately."

**KNOW THYSELF.—KATE RUSSELL**

continues with immense success to give her interesting and useful delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting, in a style of description peculiarly her own, and which cannot be imitated by the ignorant pretenders who profess to have a knowledge of the science. Persons desirous of knowing their own characteristics, or that of any friend in whom they may be interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, or supposed age, with 14 penny postage stamps, to Miss RUSSELL, 14, Arlington-street, Mornington-crescent, London, and they will receive in a day or two a full and minute detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected, calculated to guide them through life. Testimonials:—From S. P., "Many thanks for your truthful portrait."—*R. H.*, "I fear his character is too truly as you so freely describe it."—*W. B.*, "Your long letter, though very tedious, cannot remain any more amazingly correct."—*A. D.*, "Mamma says the character you gave me is just as true, and not too good."—*Rev. H. F.*, "My gift in graphology is confirmed; your success is extraordinary."—*B. W.*, "I am glad, your opinion of her character coincides with my own."

**VALUABLE REMEDIES FOR THE AFFLICTED.**

**DR. ROBERTS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT,** called the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, a certain cure for Ulcerated Sore Legs, if of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chancres, Scorbatic Eruptions and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, &c. Sold in Pots at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., 11s. and 22s. each. Also his

**PILULE ANTISCROPHULE.**

confirmed by sixty years' experience to be, without exception, one of the best alterative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting nature in all her operations. Hence they are used in Scrofula, Scorbatic Complaints, Glandular swellings, particularly those of the neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, and may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s.—Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, Beach and Barnicott, at their Dispensary, Bridport; by the London Houses. Retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.

Observe:—No Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine unless "Beach and Barnicott, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each package.

**RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.**

**WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS**

is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen, to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitted with so much ease and closeness, that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer.

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

A Single Truss, 10s., 21s., 26s., 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s.

Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d.

An Unbilateral Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

**ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS,**

&c.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving support and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each. Postage 6d.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Just published, 8vo., with Map and Plan, price 2s. 6d. cloth.  
**THE DEFENCE OF CAWNPORE** by the  
 Troops under the orders of Major-General Sir CHARLES  
 A. WINDHAM, C.B. November 1857. Written by Lieut.-Col.  
 JOHN ADYE, C.B., Royal Artillery.  
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co.

This day is published, handsomely printed, in 1 vol. crown  
 8vo., price 6s., bound in cloth.  
**SHORT LECTURES ON PLANTS** for  
 Schools and Adult Classes. By ELIZABETH TWING, of  
 Author of "Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants."  
 London: DAVID NUTT, 270, Strand.

Postage free for stamps, improved edition, 7s. 6d.  
**LITTLE ENGLISH FLORA.** By  
 G. FRANCIS, F.L.S. A Botanical and Popular Account  
 of our Field Flowers; with numerous Engravings and  
 Poetical Illustrations.  
 SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers'-hall-court; D. FRANCES,  
 24, Mile-end-road.

NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS.  
 This day, 1s., or post free 1s. 1d.,  
**A HANDY BOOK ON THE LAW OF BILLS,**  
 CHEQUES, NOTES, AND I O U'S.  
 By JAMES WALTER SMITH, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.  
 EPPINGHAM WILSON, Publisher, 11, Royal Exchange, E.C.  
 Just published, with Fifty Engravings on Wood, post 8vo.  
 cloth, 6s. 6d.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC MANIPULATION,**  
 Treating of the Practice of the Art, and its various ap-  
 plications to Nature. By LAKE PRICE, Photographer of the  
 Royal Portraits taken at Windsor.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

Just published, post 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.  
**A THREE WEEKS' SCAMPER**  
 THROUGH THE SPAS OF GERMANY AND BELGIUM;  
 with an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters.  
 By FRANK WILSON, F.R.S.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

In post 8vo., price 7s. 6d. cloth,  
**THE WORLD OF MIND: an Elementary**  
 Book. By ISAAC TAYLOR.  
 "Within the same bulk, we know of no work on the higher  
 philosophy abounding more in veracious, subtle, and sugges-  
 tive thought."—*National Review*.  
 London: JACKSON and WALFORD, 18, St. Paul's-churchyard.

New Edition, enlarged.  
**THE SEARCH FOR A PUBLISHER; or,**  
 Counsels for a Young Author. It contains advice  
 about Binding, Composition, Printing, and Advertising; also  
 Specimens of Type and Sizes of Paper. It is a complete  
 Literary Guide for a novice, and full of exact and trustworthy  
 information. Sent post free, 1s.  
 London: A. W. BENNETT, 5, Bishopsgate-without.

NEW WORK ON BRITISH PLANTS.  
 Now ready, Part I. of  
**BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.** Illustrated  
 by J. E. SOWERBY. Described, with a Key to the  
 Natural Orders, by C. PIERPOINT JOHNSON. To be com-  
 pleted in Twenty Parts, each containing 4 Plates, or 80 Figures  
 and Descriptions. Price, coloured 3s.; plain, 1s. 6d. per Part.  
 The entire Work will comprise about 1800 Figures, and form  
 one volume. Prospectuses and specimens may be had  
 through all Booksellers, or of the Publisher,  
 JOHN E. SOWERBY, 3, Mead-place, Lambeth, S.

COMPLETION OF NICHOLS'S LITERARY  
 ILLUSTRATIONS.  
 This day is published, price 21s., with Seven Portraits.  
**THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF ILLUS-**  
**TRATIONS OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE**  
**EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:** containing the Sequel of the  
 Correspondence between Bishop Percy and his Friends;  
 Additions and Corrections to the Seventeen Volumes of Liter-  
 ary Anecdotes and Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth  
 Century; and minute Indexes to the Eight Volumes of Liter-  
 ary Illustrations. By JOHN BOWYER NICHOLS, F.R.S.  
 The following portions of the Two Works are still on Sale:  
 —LITERARY ANECDOTES, Vol. VIII., 21s.; Vol. IX., and  
 Index II., 20s. —LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS, Seven Vols., 7l. 7s.  
 Vols. VII. and VIII., containing the Percy Correspondence  
 and Indexes, 2l. 2s.  
 NICHOLS and SONS, 25, Parliament-street.

Just published, price 6s.,  
**A CONCISE AND EASY SYSTEM OF**  
**BOOK-KEEPING FOR SOLICITORS, &c.,** which has  
 been in use for nearly fifty years in the offices of some of the  
 most respectable firms in London (and superintended by the  
 Author during the greater portion of that period); to which  
 are added, Observations on Single and Double Entry, and the  
 General Principles of Book-keeping; Remarks on the History  
 of Accounts and Book-keeping; and an Explanatory Intro-  
 duction; together with an Exposition of Commercial and  
 Monetary Terms; Notes on the Subject of Costs, Accounts,  
 Interest, &c., and various useful memoranda. By WILLIAM  
 MACKENZIE, Solicitor.  
 LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.  
**THE O'DONOGHUE OF THE LAKES,**  
 and other Poems. By NICHOLAS J. GANNON.  
 "Eva is a beautiful creation, in exquisite harmony with the  
 lovely natural world around her. The descriptions are rich in  
 poetic colouring; one scene, in particular, where the Water  
 King comes, with his court of Nymphs and Sylphs, to claim  
 his betrothed, is a gorgeous picture, in which fancy and re-  
 ality are finely blended. The other poems are excellent.  
 'The Court of Apollo' is remarkable for higher qualities than  
 mere sensuous beauty, and some of the smaller pieces breathe  
 a truly noble and patriotic spirit. We have great hopes of the  
 author."—*Morning Herald*.  
 "The author possesses great command of language, and the  
 rhythm is melodious and well poised; add to this extensive  
 and acute observation, a keen and fervid appreciation of his  
 country's lovely scenery, and no ordinary power in making  
 them glow vividly on the canvas."—*Morning Post*.  
 "Display considerable skill in versification and fluency of  
 style."—*Daily News*.  
 "The faithful minuteness of the descriptions reminds us of  
 the corresponding merit in the poems of Walter Scott."—*Globe*.  
 "Mr. Gannon writes narrative poetry so well, and moulds  
 a poetical romance so pleasingly, that we feel some regret on  
 finding the poem so brief."—*Dublin Evening Post*.  
 "The author of this little volume possesses a considerable  
 share of the poetic faculty. He is always clear, simple, and  
 intelligible. The conclusion of the poem is dramatic and  
 effective."—*Freeman's Journal*.  
 "The second edition, which we augur for this little volume."  
 —*Nation*.  
 "The machinery and details of the story of 'The Water  
 King' are wrought out with a strength and gorgeousness of  
 conception which almost win the reader to the belief that he  
 is an actor in the stirring drama."—*Leinster Express*.  
 London: BOSWORTH and HARRISON, 215, Regent-street;  
 Dublin: M'GLASHAN and GILL, 50, Upper Sackville-street;  
 and all Booksellers.

## HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

The **OXONIAN** in THELE-  
 MARKEN; or, Notes of Travel in South-Western Norway,  
 in the Summers of 1856-7; with Glances at the Legendary  
 Lore of that District. By the Rev. F. METCALFE, M.A.,  
 Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Author of "The  
 Oxonian in Norway," &c. 2 vols., with Illustrations, 21s.  
 "This new book is as lively as its predecessor—its matter  
 is as good, or better. The intermixture of legends and tra-  
 ditions with the notes of travel adds to the real value of the  
 work, and of course strengthens its claim on a public that  
 desires to be amused."—*Examiner*.

**MEMOIRS OF RACHEL.** 2 vols.  
 post 8vo., with fine Portrait, 21s. bound.  
 "A book sure to attract public attention, and well merit-  
 ing it."—*Globe*.  
 "A most able and interesting book."—*Chronicle*.  
 "The deep interest felt in the life of so great a dramatic  
 genius will secure for these volumes a large and cultivated  
 circle of readers."—*Sun*.

**CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RE-**  
**COLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.** 1 vol.  
 8vo., with Portraits, 21s. bound.

**The COUNTESS OF BONNEVAL:**  
 Her LIFE and LETTERS. By LADY GEORGIANA  
 FULLERTON. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.  
 "The whole work forms one of those touching stories  
 which create a lasting impression."—*Athenaeum*.

**MR. ATKINSON'S TRAVELS**  
 in ORIENTAL and WESTERN SIBERIA, CHINESE  
 TARTARY, and CENTRAL ASIA, &c. With Fifty beau-  
 tiful Illustrations, from the Author's Original Drawings.  
 2l. 2s.

**A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS**  
 ABOUT WOMEN. By the Author of "John Halifax." 10s. 6d.  
**JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.**  
 Third Edition, 1 vol., 10s. 6d.

**MR. TUPPER'S NEW WORK.**  
 RIDES and REVERIES OF ÆSOP SMITH. By MARTIN  
 F. TUPPER. 10s. 6d.

**THE NEW NOVELS.**  
**THE POOR RELATION.** By  
 Miss PARDOE. 3 vols.  
 "The very best novel which Miss Pardoe has ever writ-  
 ten."—*Messenger*.  
 "The Poor Relation' is considerably superior to most  
 of the fictions of the day."—*Sun*.  
 "A novel of a most interesting character."—*Observer*.

**THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.**  
 By JOHN EDMUND READE. 3 vols.

**HECKINGTON.** By Mrs. GORE.  
 3 vols.  
 "A valuable prize to readers in search of a clever novel.  
 The heroine is charming."—*Athenaeum*.  
 "We have not read any of Mrs. Gore's novels which we  
 like so much as 'Heckington.'"—*John Bull*.

**ONE-AND-TWENTY.** By the  
 Author of "Wildflower," &c. 3 vols.  
 "Among the new novels, one of the best is 'One-and-  
 Twenty.'"—*Examiner*.

**THE TWO BROTHERS.** By the  
 Author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. 3 vols.  
 "The best of Lady Emily Ponsonby's novels."—*John Bull*.

**VIOLET BANK & its INMATES.**  
 "A pleasant book, written in a pleasant spirit."—*Athenaeum*.

**THE REIGNING BEAUTY.** By  
 LADY CHATTELTON. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

This day, price 1s.  
**THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, AS**  
 IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT OUGHT TO BE.  
 London: ROBERT HARDWICK, 192, Piccadilly, and all  
 Booksellers.

**THE FIELD** of this day contains a large  
 ENGRAVING of the HENLEY REGATTA, and a  
 full report of the rowing.—Also, more letters on Horse  
 Training; Meeting in London of the Committee for Revising  
 the Laws of Coursing; Articles on Angling, Shooting, and  
 Hunting; the Turf and Cricket Meetings of the Week; Re-  
 port of the Leamington Archery Meeting; Chess, Falconry,  
 Naturalist, Country House, Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard,  
 Estate Journal, &c. &c. Price 5d., or a copy for six stamps.  
 Office: 2 to 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

**THE LITERARY GAZETTE.**—The  
 LITERARY GAZETTE has passed into the hands of a  
 new Proprietor and Direction, and on and after the 3rd JULY  
 will appear in an improved form, enlarged to thirty-two  
 pages, in new type, and with important variations in, and  
 additions to, its literary and general characteristics.  
 Arrangements have been made, by which the assistance of  
 a strong staff of contributors, of established literary charac-  
 ter, has been secured for the columns devoted to criticism on  
 literature and on the arts; the department apportioned to  
 scientific subjects has been confined to vigilant care; and pro-  
 vision has been made for the receipt of such communications  
 from the principal foreign cities, as will enable the English  
 reader to note the state and progress of Continental literature  
 and art.  
 The price of THE LITERARY GAZETTE, unstamped, will be  
 Fourpence; stamped, Fivepence.  
 THE LITERARY GAZETTE will be published at its new Office,  
 No. 4, Bonville-street, Fleet-street, E.C., where all commu-  
 nications are to be addressed, and where Advertisements will  
 be received.

Now ready, in one volume, crown 8vo. cloth, price 6s.  
**A NEW YORKER in the FOREIGN**  
**OFFICE, and his ADVENTURES in PARIS.** By  
 HENRY WIKOFF.  
 TRUBNER and Co., 60, Paternoster-row, London.

Just published, price 7s. 6d., with a Woodcut by H. S. MARKS,  
**LES MOINES DE KILCRE: Poème**  
 traduit de l'Anglais par le CHEVALIER DE CHATE-  
 LAIN, Traducteur des Contes de Cantorbéry de Chaucer.  
 B. M. PICKERING, 190, Piccadilly, W.

**HOW TO SPEAK in PUBLIC.**  
 This day, fcp. cloth, 4s. 6d., post free.  
**THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING**  
 —Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. By  
 M. BATAIN, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sor-  
 bonne, &c.  
 London: BOSWORTH and HARRISON, 215, Regent-street.

Now ready,  
**NEW PROBATE COURT PRACTICE,**  
 with all the Rules, Forms, and full Instructions, and  
 Decided Cases. By E. W. GOODWIN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law,  
 Author of "The Conveyancers Act," &c. Price 7s. 6d. cloth.  
 LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street.

**FOR THE USE OF MAGISTRATES.**  
 Just published,  
**A SECOND EDITION OF THE PRACTICE**  
**OF MAGISTRATES' COURTS.** By T. W. SAUNDERS,  
 Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Containing the Practice under the  
 Summary Jurisdiction in Larceny, and the Practice in Appeals  
 under the new Act, with Forms and full Instructions. Price  
 12s. cloth.  
 LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street.

Just published, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s.  
**THE PRACTICAL NATURALIST'S**  
**GUIDE,** containing Instructions for Collecting, Pre-  
 paring, and Preserving Specimens in all departments of  
 Zoology. By J. B. DAVIES, Assistant Conservator in  
 Natural History Museum, Edinburgh.  
 Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN and STEWART. London:  
 SIMPKIN and Co.

**SPORTING QUARTERS for 1858.**—  
 No. III. of the LONDON LIST of SPORTING QUAR-  
 TERS, VACANT and WANTED, will be ready on Tuesday  
 next, post free for two stamps; or the whole of the Lists for  
 the season 1858 for One Shilling.  
 Offices, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

**BEAUTIFUL POETRY; the Choicest of**  
 the Present and the Past, designed to preserve for future  
 reading all that is worthy of preservation. A number on the  
 1st of each month. A volume completed yearly.  
 Vols. 1. to V. may be had, price 3s. 6d. each; or super-  
 bound for prizes and presents, 7s. 6d.  
 CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

**DENTAL REVELATIONS.**  
 Just published, price 3s. 6d.; by post 5s. 10d.  
**THE EFFECT OF SEPTIC INHALA-**  
**TIONS ON THE LUNGS AND HEALTH,** having reference  
 to a composition of Artificial Food which obviates all impure  
 emanations, and secures health and comfort to the wearer.  
 Made and supplied only by the Author, DONALDSON  
 MACKENZIE, Surgeon-Dentist, 21A, Saville-row, W.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL.

Now ready, Second Edition, 2s. 6d.; by post for 32 stamps,  
**DISEASES OF THE SKIN: a Guide to their**  
 Treatment and Prevention. With a Chapter on Ulcers  
 of the Leg. By THOMAS HUNT, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the  
 Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-  
 square.  
 "Mr. Hunt has transferred these diseases from the incurable  
 class to the curable."—*Lancet*.  
 London: CHURCHILL, 11, New Burlington-street.

Just published, price 1s. (by post, free, for 14 stamps).  
**DEBILITY and NERVOUSNESS: a**  
 complete Essay on the Secret Cause of these distressing  
 Disorders; showing the advantages of the use of the Micro-  
 scope in detecting, by scientific examination, the causes  
 which commonly lead to its occurrence, the symptoms which  
 indicate its presence, and the means to be adopted for its cure.  
 By SAMUEL LA MERT, M.D., 37, Bedford-square, London.  
 J. ALLEN, 29, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and from the  
 Author, who may be consulted at his residence from 11 o'clock  
 till 2, and from 6 till 8.

Price 10s. 6d.  
**NATIONAL MISSIONS.** By  
 WILLIAM MACCALL.  
 CONTENTS.  
 1. Introductory. 9. Spain and Romance.  
 2. Egypt and Religion. 10. Germany and Thought.  
 3. Greece and Beauty. 11. England and Science.  
 4. Palestine and Faith. 12. Russia and Destiny.  
 5. Rome and Force. 13. China and Custom.  
 6. Arabia and Miracle. 14. India and Imagination.  
 7. Italy and Art. 15. America and Progress.  
 8. France and Manners. 16. Concluding Remarks.  
 TRUBNER and Co., Paternoster-row, London.

Just published, cloth, 12s.  
**THE CLERICAL DIRECTORY: a**  
**BIOGRAPHICAL and STATISTICAL BOOK OF**  
**REFERENCE for all facts relating to the CLERGY and the**  
**CHURCH.** Compiled by the Conductors of the "Clerical  
 Journal."  
 "The Clerical Directory is a kind of biographical encyclo-  
 pædia of the Church, giving an outline of the scholastic,  
 literary, and ecclesiastical lives of all who hold office therein.  
 That it has been in every particular compiled with the most  
 scrupulous care we can have no doubt; and there can be little  
 doubt, also, that it will at once take its place in the library as  
 the standard book of reference in relation to the clergy."—*Morning Herald*.  
 "This is certainly a most comprehensive and useful work of  
 reference, as regards the clergy and the Church. The labour  
 of bringing together the facts relative to the position, title,  
 works, &c., of nearly 19,000 clergymen, must have been im-  
 mense. By the help of the Index, the name of each clergy-  
 man is readily found; yet that labour will be undoubtedly  
 lessened by an alphabetical arrangement, which the editors  
 propose for next year, and which they were only prevented  
 from effecting this year, through the necessity which existed  
 for printing the information received as fast as it came to  
 hand. Every clergyman, and indeed every person taking an  
 interest in the statistics of the Church, should be in possession  
 of this work."—*Freeman's Magazine*.  
 London: JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 10, Park-road, Hamp-  
 stead (N.W.), in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 15,  
 Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury,  
 and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand,  
 (W.C.), in the City of Westminster, on Saturday, June 26, 1858.  
 All communications and orders to be addressed to 29, ESSEX-  
 STREET, STRAND, London (W.C.)



price 6s.  
**REIGN**  
 PARIS. By

don.  
 S. MARKS,  
 Poème  
 CHATE-  
 naucer.

**AKING**

a Bar. By  
 the Sor-

-street.

**CTICE.**

ctions, and  
 er-at-Law,  
 cloth.

**CTICE**

UNDERS,  
 under the  
 in Appeals  
 us. Price

**LISTS**

ing, Pre-  
 ments of  
 rvator in

don:

1858.—

QUAR-  
 Tuesday  
 Lists for

V.C.

cest of  
 for future  
 eer on the

superbly

**TALA-**

reference  
 ill impure  
 o wearer.  
 LDSON

stamps.

o their

on Ulcers  
 on to the  
 Fitzroy-

ncurable

et.

aps).  
**S: a**

stressing  
 e Micro-

causes

as which

its cure.

re, Lon-

from the

o'clock

By

e.

ight.

ce.

.

tion.

ess.

ks.

.

;

a

OK of

nd the

Clerical

eyelo-

lastic,

herein.

e most

le little

ary as

gy."—

ork of

labour

, title,

en im-

clergy-

broadly

editors

rented

xisted

me to

ing an

ession

.

Hamp-

See, 11,

abury.

Strand

1858.—

888X-